STORIES for JEWISH JUNIORS

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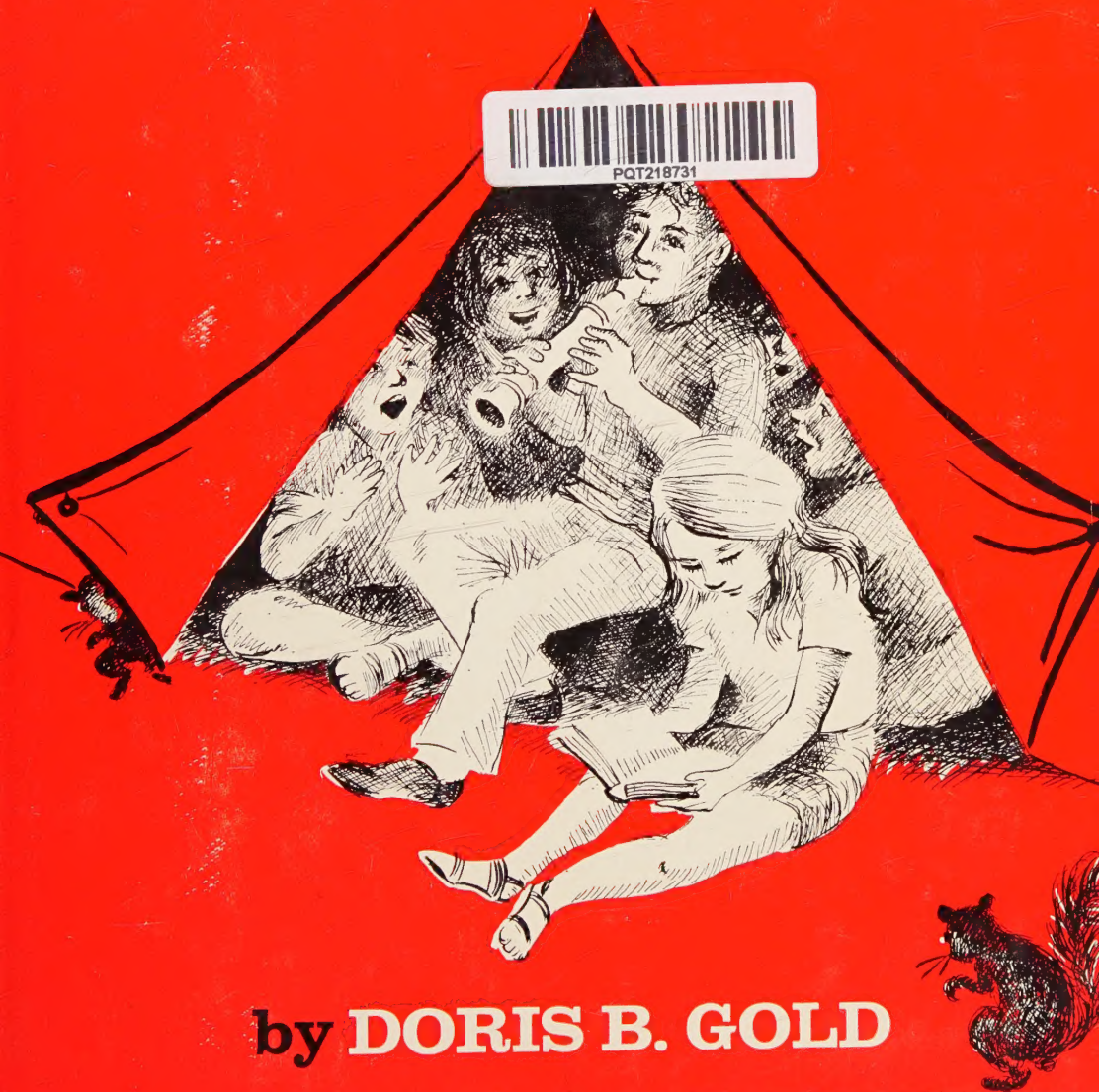

by DORIS B. GOLD

illustrated by IRENE M. BURSTEIN

$4.95

STORIES FOR JEWISH JUNIORS

Doris B. Gold

STORIES FOR JEWISH JUNIORS is an exciting juvenile collection of 39 lively stories, 18 of which were written especially for this volume. Their varied and unique backgrounds, which include famous historic events in America, will enthrall every boy or girl from 8 to 10 years of age. It is truly a book any child will be able to treasure and read over a period of years.

Selecting her material with great care, Doris B. Gold, a veteran editor (currently of the *Young Judaean Magazine*), demonstrates unusual skill in keeping the vocabulary of each story within the range of grades 3 to 5. Parents and educators especially, will find the word-lists and reference material provided in the appendix of plus value.

STORIES FOR JEWISH JUNIORS, profusely illustrated with 70 striking drawings in various media by Irene Burstein, contains five sections giving scope to many facets of Jewish life, past and present:

On the Highways of Today—Seven stories about contemporary American Jewish life and its folkways.

On the American Road—Seven stories of high adventure about Jews in American history.

In Long-Ago Country—Nine stories imaginatively retold from legends and folklore of the past.

Over Oceans to Israel—Eight stories of Israeli children in its kibbutzim and cities, meeting the problems of modern Israel.

We Stop for Some Holidays—Eight stories about some important Jewish holidays, with a fresh slant from a child's point of view.

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STORIES FOR JEWISH JUNIORS

a storybook
for boys and girls

edited, adapted and written
by DORIS B. GOLD

JONATHAN DAVID
Publishers New York

STORIES FOR JEWISH JUNIORS

by

DORIS B. GOLD

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Library of Congress Catalogue Card No. 66-17800

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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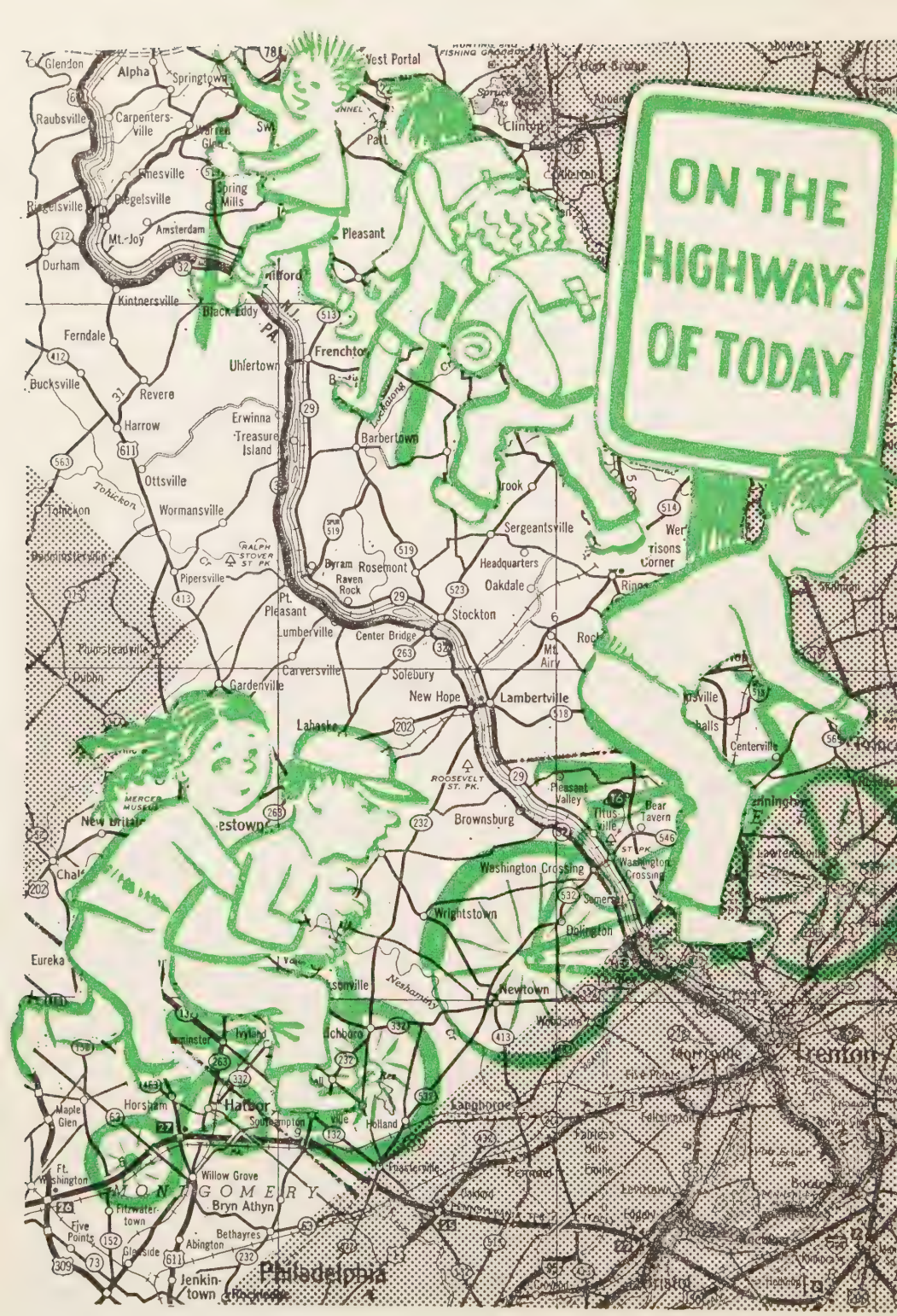
TO

BERT, MICHAEL AND BERNIE,
LISTENERS AND READERS

STORIES FOR JEWISH JUNIORS


ON THE HIGHWAYS OF TODAY
Glendon
Alpha
Springtown
Raubsville
Carpentersville
Riegelsville
Mt. Joy
Amsterdam
Durham
Kintnersville
Ferndale
Bucksville
Revere
Harrow
Ottsville
Tohickon
Wormansville
Erwinna
Treasure Island
Uhlertown
Frenchtown
Black Eddy
Pipersville
Pt. Pleasant
Lumberville
Carversville
Solebury
Center Bridge
Stockton
Barbertown
Byram
Rosemont
Raven Rock
Sergeantsville
Headquarters
Oakdale
New Hope
Lambertville
Lahaska
Garderville
Brownsburg
Pleasant Valley
Washington Crossing
Wrightstown
Newtown
Centerville
Bear Tavern
Eureka
Horsham
Hatboro
Southampton
Holland
Langhorne
Maple Glen
Ft. Washington
Willow Grove
Bryn Athyn
Five Points
Fitzwatertown
Bethayres
Abington
Glenside
Jenkintown
Philadelphia
MONTGOMERY
Trenton
Morrisville
Fairless Hills
Penndel
Levittown
Yardley
Langhorne
Feltonville
Rockledge

On the Highways of Today

Sights of the street, sounds of a home;
Everything happens to you!
Through eyes and ears it will be known
How it is to be a young Jew.

A boy does an unusual thing for his father

The Shofar That Wouldn't Blow

IT WAS JUST a week before Rosh Hashana—the New Year. Rabbi Berk took out his *shofar*—a holy horn which comes from a he-goat called a *ram*. He wanted to practice with it and be sure it would be ready for the holiday. Eight-year-old Albert Berk watched his father take the *shofar* out of its velvet sack and waited for its blast. Rabbi Berk blew and blew until his cheeks were red, but the horn would not make a sound.

"Perhaps there is something in it," Rabbi Berk said. He squinted his eye and looked into it. Then he tried it from the other end and blew again. No sound came out—not even a squeak. Albert was worried. Perhaps he had broken it!

Rabbi Berk went to the telephone and called a friend—another rabbi. When he had finished talking, he returned and put the horn in a dish of vinegar.

"It has to stay there for the whole day, Albert," Rabbi Berk said. "Please don't touch it." He knew his son was very curious and would sometimes play with things that were not toys.

That night Rabbi Berk took the shofar from the dish of vinegar and started to put it to his mouth. The strong, sour smell of the vinegar made Albert and his mother turn away.

Rabbi Berk told them: "It will have to air out here on the window sill. The window must remain wide open to make it dry. I'll try it tomorrow."

The next morning, Rabbi Berk took the *shofar* from the window sill. His cheeks puffed up like small balloons when he tried it, but no sound came out of the *shofar*. Disappointed, he said: "I'll let it air out another day. When it gets good and stiff and dry, I think it will work."

When Albert came home from school, he saw the *shofar* lying there and decided it was up to him to

try and help his father make it work. He had a thought. He took the *shofar* to the gas station where he often went with his father, and where he filled his bicycle tires with air.

Taking the *shofar* out of its velvet bag, he said to the man at the gas station: "Please blow this out with your air pump."

The man greeted him and asked what it was. Albert knew all about the *shofar*, and explained it to him. Then the garage man attached it to the air pump and pressed the nozzle. The air passed freely through the *shofar*. Then Albert took it and put his lips to it. It had an awful taste from the vinegar, but he blew with all his might. Still the *shofar* made no sound. The garage man said, "Sonny, you'd better take it to the fire station. They have a stronger air gun."

Albert wanted to bring the *shofar* back to his father in perfect condition, so he walked the few blocks to the fire station. A fireman was sitting outside. Inside the fire engine was being polished and cleaned.

Albert took the *shofar* out of its velvet bag and told the fireman outside what the garage man had said.

"Come on in," the fireman said, surprised, and took him inside to another fireman at a desk. The two firemen talked it over. Then the first one helped the second push the *shofar* into an air-nozzle which they took off the fire engine. At the first gush of air, a strong smell of vinegar came to everyone's nose.

"Whew!" the firemen said.

One of them went to a shelf and took some tal-

cum powder from it. He rubbed the *shofar* inside and out with the sweet-smelling powder. Then they tried the air pump again. This time the *shofar* was blown across the room, and the firemen laughed.

Albert didn't laugh. What if the *shofar* would break! He picked it up from the floor, wiped it with a cloth and then put it to his lips. Though Albert was not sure how to blow it, he heard a small sound this time. He was pleased. He thanked the firemen, put the *shofar* back into the bag and went home to place it on the window sill exactly as his father had left it.

When Rabbi Berk came home that evening, he greeted his family and went straight to the window sill. Albert's heart was pounding. If only the *shofar*

would work! The rabbi put it to his mouth and made a face.

"That vinegar!" he said. "I'll have to hide it inside my prayer shawl so the people won't smell it when I blow it on Rosh Hashana!"

Rabbi Berk puffed up his cheeks. This time the *shofar* blew loud and clear through the house.

"How fine the *shofar* blows!" his mother said.

"Happy New Year!" Rabbi Berk said to Albert.

"The same to you!" his son answered, smiling.

Grown-ups have surprising ways of doing things!

The Mystery of the Missing Chalah

IT WAS FRIDAY afternoon. Anne was about to help her mother with the evening meal, when the doorbell rang very loudly. Her mother answered it. A man, all dressed in white clothes, stood there.

"I'm sorry to bother you," he said, "but the *chalah* I sent you from the bakery was the wrong one. I must have it back. Here is another loaf." He offered a white bag.

"What difference does it make which *chalah* someone gets?" Anne's mother asked as she opened the breadbox to find it.

"Please, lady," he said, "I can't tell you—but I *must* have it back. It was a special one."

Now Anne's mother was looking in the pantry. She hadn't found the bag yet.

"Oooh!" said Anne. "I just remembered!"

Anne went over to her mother and whispered:

"I took it to school this afternoon. I thought it was just a loaf of bread. Our class had to bring something for poor children—and I couldn't find anything else."

When this was told to the waiting baker, he grew red in the face, and flung the bag on the table.

"I must have that *chalah!* I must!" he said.

Anne was sorry for having given it away, but said nothing. What could a little girl of nine do when two grownups stood shouting at each other about a Sabbath loaf of bread? When she heard the words, "police station," it made her knees shake. The baker left the house, banging the door.

"I don't understand . . ." her mother repeated several times. Then she put on her coat and told Anne to come with her. They started walking toward the school.

"Why are we going to the school now?" Anne asked, shivering and taking her mother's arm.

"You should have asked me first, Anne," her mother said, still thinking how she had taken the *chalah* by mistake. "The odd part of it is, though, that you're supposed to give charity on the Sabbath . . ." her mother said.

When they got to the school it was getting dark. Since Anne's mother was in the PTA, she knew the custodian himself. She tapped lightly. Once; two times, but there was no answer.

"Mom, there's nobody in the school now. Let's go home . . ." Anne said.

"Well, we tried," her mother said, and they went home.

They had a short conversation while Anne finished setting the table and readying the Sabbath candles. Anne felt scared. What if they didn't find the *chalah?* Why did the bakery man have to have it? It *was* her fault too. Maybe she could find out on Monday which children's shelter had received gifts of food. She would ask her teacher. But it was Friday night. Saturday and Sunday might bring more trouble!

When Anne's brother and father came home from work, they told them nothing about it. Anne went to bed early and tried to read a book, but she couldn't keep her mind on it.

The next afternoon, a policeman came to check the story when Anne was at home alone. He wanted to speak with her mother. Anne tried to tell him she was sorry about the missing *chalah*, and would try to get it back on Monday, but she couldn't get

the words out of her mouth. She started to cry when she tried to say the words, for she didn't know if she really could get it back after all.

Everything was quiet on Sunday. Anne was glad that the bakery was closed when she passed it to go to her friend Helen's house. She didn't tell Helen about the missing *chalah*. It seemed such a long time to Monday morning!

Anne was up bright and early on Monday and went to school without breakfast. As she approached the school she saw a policeman walking up to the front entrance. Her heart thumped. Was he going to the school to try to get back the missing *chalah?* She stood on line quietly and ran up the staircase ahead of the others. The door to her classroom stood open. She imagined she smelled fresh *chalah* as she entered, and wondered how that could be. To her amazement on the third seat last row near the window—*her seat*—there was a bulky brown paper bag. While the others were putting their coats away, Anne picked up the bag and took it to her teacher.

"Miss Hart," she said shyly, "this was on my desk."

"Good morning Anne—oh, that—yes—that's the odd bread you brought Friday for the present we were sending to the children's shelter. I'm afraid we couldn't use it. They wanted us to send only cans or jars of food. Thanks anyway."

As Anne walked away from her teacher's desk, she peeked into the bag. Her heart jumped! Sure enough, *there was the chalah*—the missing one!

She paid little attention to the lesson that morning. As soon as it was time for lunch, she ran to the

bakery where the *chalah* had been baked. Anne asked the clerk if she could see the baker who had been looking for the missing *chalah*. The clerk was puzzled, but she went into the back of the shop and a baker came out. He was not the one who had come to her house.

"No—I want to see another baker, please."

They asked Anne to go into the bakery near the oven, and there she saw the baker she was looking for. He had a serious look on his face as he looked up when Anne came in.

"This is the man," she said to the clerk. "Thank you."

"Here, I have the missing *chalah*, sir," Anne said to the baker. He looked up, surprised. Then he took the package from her and opened it.

"Let's see if it's the one," he said.

Anne saw him reach for a long knife. He put the *chalah* on the table and cut straight through the loaf. Then he reached inside and drew out a small box. He stopped a moment to wipe his fingers and then opened the box.

"Yes, it's the right *chalah*, little girl," he said. "Thanks a lot! It was my wife's birthday and I bought her a special ring that I put in the *chalah*, to surprise her on Friday night."

He opened a small velvet case inside the box and Anne saw a ring with a pearl in the middle. So *that* was the mystery of the missing *chalah!*

"My wife's name is Pearl, he explained.

"I was worried about it. It cost a lot of money and I couldn't buy another one just now. For being such an honest girl, I'd like to bake you a special birthday cake for a reward! Thanks."

Anne ran home to tell her mother the news, but not before the baker had given her a bagful of cookies to remember her adventure.

We can make it pleasant
for strangers if we
but try . . .

A Pound of Kasha

MRS. BEEMAN called to her daughter Dorothy:

"Please go to the store with your cousin Surie and get a pound of kasha."

Surie saw Dorothy frown, and take the money her mother handed her. Surie knew she was to go with Dorothy to the grocery store, though she understood only a little. Surie, her mother, her father and her brother Ben had come to America only two months earlier. She was already wishing they had stayed in Poland, for though Surie was only nine, she could see they were not welcome in this country. People stared at her when they saw she wore earrings, long braids and high shoes. Even cousin Dorothy seemed ashamed of her. Surie decided she would go to the store alone. She ran to her mother in the bedroom, and in Yiddish, told her she was going to

the store by herself for a pound of kasha. Her mother tried to make her go with Dorothy, but after a few moments of talk with Dorothy and Mrs. Beeman in the kitchen, Surie was on her way. It was the first time she had gone alone.

It was a chill autumn day, and the leaves were tumbling in the wind. The trees shook, making Surie feel even more frightened. A few children were playing in the street. A boy was breaking up some wooden boxes. She slowed up to watch. The boy saw her and yelled, "Greenhorn! Greenhorn."

Tears came to Surie's eyes. She walked on, and surprised herself by making a fist and raising it. The children laughed to see her do it. Just then she saw a man wheeling a black stove with a tall chimney pipe. When he saw her, he called out "Sweet Po-ta-toes! Sweet!" As she walked to the corner, she wished she could have one of whatever it was he had—they smelled so good in the cold air. The man stopped and a woman walked over to his stove on wheels. Surie saw the man bend down, open a drawer and take something out, wrapping it in a piece of newspaper. The woman gave him some money.

Surie felt in her coat pocket. Her uncle had given her a nickel the day before. In the other pocket she had put the grocery money. She decided to buy the hot food, whatever it was. She went over to the man at the stove and smiled, putting out her hand with the nickel in it. He glanced at her, and at her braids, her coat, her shoes, as everyone did. Then he bent down to the hot drawer and took out what Surie now saw was a baked potato. Before wrapping it in a

piece of newspaper, he slit the top with a small knife. As the steam came out of the orange potato pulp, Surie smiled. The man said, "Hot—hold! Enjoy!" She understood. He seemed to know that she was trying not to speak, and she was glad. He took the nickel from her and gave her two cents. Surie was surprised to get money back. She took it and nodded her head up and down, saying "danke . . . danke. . . ."

Eating her potato she didn't watch where she was going. Surie turned the corner and went into the grocery store. Inside, she saw a big oil funnel on the floor and open sacks of barley and beans. It was the wrong store! What was she to do? She looked around and could see it was a grocery store—but not the one where her aunt, Mrs. Beeman, always went. This one smelled different. The man behind the counter was different. This one had a black moustache. He smiled at her and said:

"Well, little girl? What is it?"

Surie knew he was asking her what she came for, so she said, "A pound of kasha . . . kasha. . . ."

He looked puzzzled. "Kasha . . . what's that?" He turned around to look at his shelves. Surie wanted to run out of the store, but she was ashamed to. Her legs held her there. The storekeeper turned back to Surie just as a man walked in. They spoke together. Surie heard the word "Kasha." Her heart was beating fast. She must have asked for something wrong in this store. The man shook his head, and then pointed to a wooden ladder that stood near a sack. She looked up to see that it was attached to a railing near the ceiling of the store. Both men seemed

to be telling her to get on the ladder. She had climbed trees in the orchards in Poland—but this was America and she was in a city, not in the country.

They were making fun of her. Surie thought, and tears came to her eyes. She saw they were both smiling and she understood that they wanted her to find the kasha herself. She pushed the sweet potato into her pocket and with her heart pounding, she climbed the ladder. On the way up, she noticed the smell of coffee, cheese and peanuts, coming from the packages on the shelves. She looked at all the

boxes and tins. Suddenly, she saw a little box with a window in it. It showed little flecks of brown and white. Her throat jumped. There it was. She took the box off the shelf and climbed down more quickly

than she had gone up. She handed it to the man with the moustache. The other man was smiling. He pulled one of her braids.

The man behind the counter looked at the box. He said to the other man, "Hmm . . . it says 'Groats, Brown Buckwheat Groats!' "

But Surie said: "Kasha! Kasha!" She took the money out of her pocket and gave it to him. So in American you said "groats" when you wanted *kasha.* She would tell her mother and father.

"Wel[1], you learn something every day," the storekeeper said as he rang up Dorothy's twenty-seven cents.

Strange people were friendly in America, Surie thought. Holding her package of kasha and her sweet potato, she found her way back to her aunt's house. It might be better to stay here, after all, she decided.

Your parents remember children like Dorothy who were immigrants. They came in the 1880's, and later in the 1900's. This story takes place around 1920.

Some boys must do things in their own way—even a Bar Mitzvah

The Boys of Rock Valley

WHEN ARNOLD LOOKED out of the window at the yard of the Rock Valley Boys' School, he wasn't really looking to see if his bicycle was safe in its place. He was turning away from his roommate Mark, who had put his skull cap on his head and *tefillin* straps on his arm. Mark was studying for his Bar Mitzvah.

Arnold who was twelve and Jewish, just like Mark, was not preparing for his Bar Mitzvah. He had never even heard about this event until he came to boarding school last year. Right now, he missed his dog, Scott, and of course, his father. He was in Europe somewhere on a business trip.

Mark put on his tape recorder and listened to the melody of the prayer which he followed in a Hebrew book. Arnold went back to sketching a pic-

ture of Scott, his dog, as he remembered him. He missed him very much. Just then Mark finished "practicing" and he spoke to Arnold:

"I want you to come to my Bar Mitzvah. . . . You will, won't you?"

"Well, I'll write home to my aunt and ask her if I can go. It's only September now."

"Home" to Arnold was a large three-story house which he and his father shared with his aunt and uncle and their three girls who were all at college.

Arnold wished that he too could have a big party like Mark. He was tired of not being noticed. It seemed to him if you got a "Bar Mitzvah," people, including your father paid attention to you. He looked at Mark putting away the prayer book and taking out another one.

"I've got to read the Bible for my test. My Rabbi says he's going to quiz me on the Bible."

Arnold liked the way Mark said "My Rabbi." It sounded important. It sounded as though Mark belonged to lots of people—his mother, his father and his Rabbi.

"I never got to read the Bible much," said Arnold. "I hear it's dry."

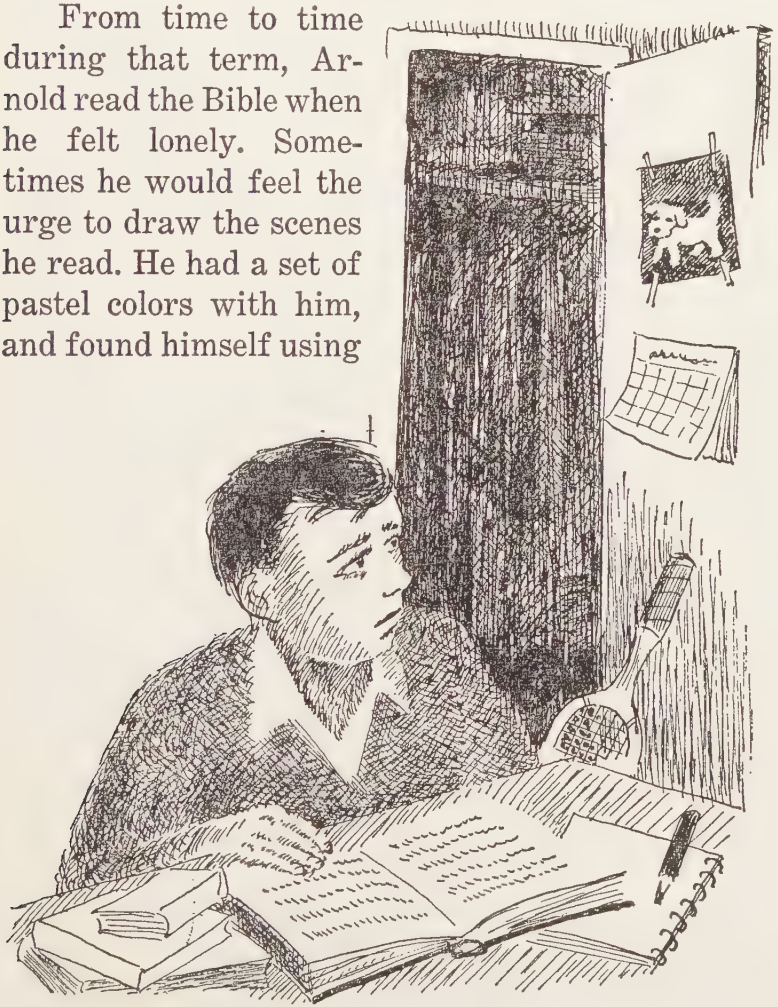
"Parts of it maybe. I'm reading the story of the Exodus. That's exciting, with the Egyptians against the Jews, and how they were drowned in the Red Sea."

Arnold listened. It sounded exciting. He decided he might look at the Bible when Mark was out of their room playing baseball.

When Arnold's father didn't answer his letter, he called his aunt in Massachusetts, but the maid

said they were out of town. When he got to his room, he looked at the picture of his dog Scott hanging on his closet door and felt very lonely. Then he saw that Mark had left his Hebrew books on his desk, so he looked for the Bible, and sat down to read it. He turned the pages here and there, and then read the part Mark was studying.

From time to time during that term, Arnold read the Bible when he felt lonely. Sometimes he would feel the urge to draw the scenes he read. He had a set of pastel colors with him, and found himself using



them. By the end of March he had made a dozen

pictures. He wondered what he would do with them —maybe give them to Mark for a Bar Mitzvah present? He had just finished a picture of the two brothers, Esau and Jacob. He began to read about Joshua at Jericho. He decided he would make the next one a battle picture. When he heard Mark coming, he put the Bible away with his colors.

From time to time during that term, Arnold read the Bible when he felt lonely. Sometimes he would feel the urge to draw the scenes he read. He had a set of pastel colors with him, and found himself using them. By the end of March he had made a dozen pictures. He wondered what he would do with them—maybe give them to Mark for a Bar Mitzvah present? He had just finished a picture of the two brothers, Esau and Jacob. He began to read about Joshua at Jericho. He decided he would make the next one a battle picture. When he heard Mark coming, he put the Bible away with his colors.

Finally, Spring vacation came. Mark asked Arnold if he was to have a Passover Seder. Arnold had never been to a Seder though he had heard of it. Now he remembered it had something to do with the Jews leaving Egypt. Hadn't he made a picture of the Red Sea and the Jews crossing it?

Mark's Bar Mitzvah was to take place just after Passover and Arnold had promised to come. When the boys packed their things to go home—Arnold to Massachusetts and Mark to Connecticut—they were eager over their plans to see each other.

'I hope your Father can come too—" Mark said.

"I guess he will," Arnold replied. His father had

sent him a postcard from England that week. He would be back in the United States when he got home.

The day of Mark's Bar Mitzvah came. Arnold was happy, for his father was in a good mood and came to his room to help him put on a tie.

"My little boy is getting to be a man," he said.

"What's in that package there, son?" his father asked when he saw Arnold take a large package tied with a bow.

"Oh—just a present for Mark, dad . . ." he said.

"Don't bother with that. I'll give him a check. I'd think he'd rather have $50."

"Okay Dad, but I'll give him this too."

The chauffeur drove them to Connecticut in the Lincoln. When they arrived, Arnold saw boys and girls and their mothers and fathers, all laughing together. It was at times like these that Arnold missed his mother. Mark's mother came over to them and introduced herself. Then Mark himself rushed in.

Arnold pushed his package into Mark's hand.

"Gee thanks . . . but what is it?" Mark asked, leading them into a room filled with books where a bearded man sat smoking a cigarette. He smiled at Arnold, his father and Mark, who was now unwrapping the package.

"Rabbi Green—he's my friend from Massachusetts . . ." he said of Arnold.

Mark saw what was inside the package.

"Wow—Arnold—these are some pictures!"

Arnold's father walked over to the table and looked at them. So did Rabbi Green. They turned the sheets of the thirteen drawings. Mark was excited.

"Say, these are Bible pictures. . . . I thought you said you hadn't read it!"

Rabbi Green turned to Arnold: "You are a very good artist. And smart too. It was very thoughtful to make just thirteen drawings for your friend's Bar Mitzvah. I must say I've never seen anything like it—" he said, turning to Arnold's father.

"I'd like to show these fine Bible drawings in our temple . . . if you'd let us." Rabbi Green said to Arnold.

"You mean it?" he said.

"You ought to be very proud of your son," Rabbi Green said to Arnold's father. "This is a good Jewish boy."

"Maybe that can be your Bar Mitzvah! Can it, Rabbi—?" Mark begged. "You see Arnold's never been to Hebrew school."

Rabbi Green thought a moment and looked at Arnold's father.

"There's no law that says a boy can't be Bar Mitzvah *after* his thirteenth birthday—Sir—if your boy would like to study—"

"Yes—yes—I would" said Arnold. His father stared, surprised.

"Hooray!" said Mark, as Rabbi Green wrapped the drawings and spoke quietly to Arnold's father.

"C'mon, let's eat!" Mark called to Arnold. He pulled his friend to him, leaving Rabbi Green and Arnold's father together.

Arnold took Mark's hand in his, squeezing it. He was glad his art and his friend could make his own Bar Mitzvah possible after all.

When you try to make friends, strange things can happen.

Luis Finds a Pal

LUIS SAT ON the beach at the far end of Miami and looked out across the Atlantic Ocean. He wished he could see the shore of Cuba where he used to live. He felt as if he were under a big blue umbrella, and couldn't see out.

Luis was eight, and a lonely little boy since he and his mother and father had left Cuba. His father spent the days learning English, and looking for a job. Luis and his mother sat on the beach with some of the friends they had made at the hotel where they lived. It was summer and school hadn't started. Luis felt hot, so he went to cool his feet in the water. He saw a man drinking wine from a bottle. He drank the last from the bottle and then threw it in the water. Luis ran into the ocean to get it as the man stretched himself out on the sand.

When Luis went back to his mother, she called out to him to throw away the bottle he had found. But he kept it. It had a label that said "SAN JUAN, P. R." and "RUM." "P. R." was Puerto Rico—near Cuba, where he had had many friends: Jose, Lino, Marti and Juan—Juan Coen. He wished he could see them but they were in South America by now or in the U.S.A.

That night at the hotel he had an idea. He had heard you could send a message in a bottle. He was good at writing—his teacher had said so in Cuba. Why couldn't he write a message and send it to Cuba in a bottle? Some boy on the beach there would pick it up, read it and write Luis a letter. In that way, he would make a friend!

The next morning was another beautiful warm day. Luis and his mother went to the beach after his father had left. Luis slipped his bottle inside the shopping bag where they had packed the lunch. Luis had already wrapped his message with a few pieces of hotel letter paper and put it into the bottle.

Luis's mother complained when she saw him taking the bottle, but she let him do it. Just as they were leaving, Luis remembered he had forgotten to get a cork to close the bottle. He ran into the hotel with the bottle and into the bar where the man behind the counter didn't understand what he wanted because Luis spoke little English. Then Luis showed him the bottle with the note inside, the barman gave him the cork.

Down at the beach, Luis ran quickly into the water with the bottle. He could swim, but his mother called to him to be careful. He swam out, passing

a woman who was floating, and then threw the bottle as far as he could. He felt happy. He hoped the message would reach a boy like him.

For the next few days he thought about the bottle and how long it would take to reach Cuba. He asked his father many times how many miles it was from Miami to Cuba, but his father didn't know. He asked the clerk in the hotel, and he said it was 200 miles. Luis thought it should take one or two weeks for his bottle to reach its destination.

That was why he was frightened and surprised when a man in a blue uniform came to the hotel a few days later and asked to see "Luis Gross." His mother didn't understand what the man said but

she scolded Luis just the same, and asked the man in the uniform to go downstairs with them to the clerk who would explain to her what was said.

The man in the uniform spoke to the clerk. Then the clerk, who spoke a little Spanish told them that the man was from The United States Coast Guard. Luis saw the man in navy take from his pocket the sheets of hotel stationery with Luis's message written on it. Luis had done something wrong! But the man in the uniform was smiling. He told Luis and his mother that the Coast Guard picks up bottles in the ocean which they themselves have thrown into the water, at other beaches.

"To measure the tides," the clerk explained to them.

"One of our men can read Spanish," the Coast Guard officer said to the clerk, "so when we picked

this up yesterday right off Coral Gables here, I felt sorry for the kid who wrote it."

Turning to Luis he said to the clerk, "He wants a pen pal. . . ."

Luis understood "pen pal. . . ." Yes, that's what he had wanted from the note in the bottle.

"I'm new here in Miami too. We used to live in Virginia; my boy is about the same age," the U.S. Coast Guard said to the clerk. "My kid needs friends too. Tell Luis his message reached a pal and ask his mother and father to come and visit with us." Then he wrote his address down.

The clerk talked a lot of English and Spanish, and the Coast Guard officer shook his mother's hand and pinched Luis's cheek. Luis felt proud. He was glad he had been taught to read and write so well. It had helped him find a new "pal," an American boy.

A little girl who doesn't like to share learns how to do it—with gypsies.

The Gypsy Noodles

EVERY FRIDAY afternoon, Sarah's big brother, Joseph, would bring the soup noodles home from Grandma's house. But since Joseph was sick in bed, Sarah, just turned eight, had to take his place.

Sarah's grandmother would make the dough, roll, cut and flake the noodles and spread them on a tray covered with a towel. Then the noodles were covered over with another towel. When the tray was brought home, Sarah would watch her mother cook the noodles in boiling salted water just before the Friday night meal.

It was a Friday afternoon in November, 1929. Sarah walked along Avenue A, wondering why her mother didn't buy noodles at the store. It must be because of "the Depression" and Sarah's father did not work every day. There was very little money to

spend. Sarah wished people didn't have to share. It was better to have your own clothes; not like the dress she wore. The red one Sarah had on came from her cousin.

While she was thinking, she turned into a street that looked strange. It was dirty and crowded. A potato wagon stood on one corner. On another stood an old piano. People were sitting on boxes in front of it. She had never been on this street before. She was going to ask one of the people where Ninth Street was, but then she decided to walk back to her grandmother's house and find the way herself.

"One, two, button my shoe!" a girl sang as she jumped rope. Sarah almost dropped the tray. People were staring at her with her hands full with the

white tray, her red dress, and her curls tied up in paper. As she walked along, she heard the noise of bracelets and high heels behind her.

"Sheet, seet, beat," the noise seemed to say.

Then Sarah smelled a strong perfume and turned around.

It was a gypsy! Her mother had told her to avoid them.

Sarah was scared. It seemed to her she was being followed. From the corner of her eye she could see a flowered dress and the toe of a gold shoe right behind her.

She held the tray tighter. Her hands were tired. Suddenly she saw a chair standing near the store front covered with gay print hangings. She decided to rest the tray on it. Perhaps the gypsy would go away. As she put the tray down, she heard heels clatter behind her. The gypsy opened the door and went inside. Her head was tied with a shiny red scarf, and long black hair hung out in back. The biggest loop earrings Sarah had ever seen were on her ears. She wore a man's jacket over a long dress.

Sarah was about to pick up the tray and continue back to her grandmother's when the gypsy popped out of the store again—this time with an older woman who frightened her with her wild eyes and broken teeth.

"What you got there? What got?" the smaller one said.

". . . N . . . nothing" Sarah said.

"Candy you have . . . candy?" came the question.

"No . . it's not candy" Sarah started to go but

the younger gypsy stopped her by holding the tray with one hand. Sarah felt tinier than ever.

"Let see . . ." she said. She lifted the towel and saw the noodles looking like shredded wheat in the late afternoon light.

"They're noodles" Sarah said, "I have to take them home for supper," she said.

The gypsy paid no attention, but picked up one of the noodles and chewed it. The older one watched her and took a handful, popping them into her mouth. Suddenly, a boy rushed out of the store followed by small children. He too tried to reach for the tray. Sarah was frightened. She wanted to run but couldn't move. She could hear the cracking of the

noodles in their mouths and it had a scary sound—as though something louder and more terrible would happen to her.

"You don't eat noodles like that," she yelled. "You cook them first!"

The little boy seemed to understand. "Mama, Mama," he said.

While they were pulling the noodles from the tray, the boy ran in and brought out a pot and a spoon. He spoke to both the women, waving the utensils. Then another woman carrying a baby came to the door. It was then that Sarah stopped being scared.

They were hungry—that was all! She spoke to the little boy and told him to put water in the pot, with some salt; and to let the water boil, put in the noodles and cook them until they fell off the spoon. He nodded his head and then spoke in gypsy language to the others. They seemed to understand.

The woman at the door holding the baby said: "Nice little girl—give eat to gypsies. We give fortune—fortune thanks!"

The little boy was taking all the noodles off the tray and putting them into a large pot. He motioned to Sarah to come inside but she decided she had better go. One of the children started to pull Sarah toward the store. The woman with the baby handed the child to another gypsy, and smiled at Sarah and pulled her hand, trying to trace a circle in Sarah's palm.

"I give good fortune, girl . . ." she started to say.

Sarah was frightened. She wanted to run away.

"No, No—she said—keep the noodles! Cook them first!"

The little boy was already inside the store and

the others were going in. Sarah took the empty tray and towels and began to run.

"Goodbye" she said to them— "Goodbye. . . ."

She heard one gypsy call—"Thank . . . thank!"

Sarah walked on Avenue B towards what looked like the right corner. She would tell her family she had shared the noodles with some hungry people. They would understand.

This story is about the time of the "depression"; between 1929 and 1935. It was a time of hardship for many people.

This might really happen
to your *sons and daughters . . .*
Or could it?

The Roll Call

WHEN THE LIGHT flashed in the kitchen showing someone was ringing the bell, Ella's mother sent her to open the door.

"I think it's someone for you," she said.

Ella turned off the radio over which she had been listening to her afternoon school lessons.

At the door stood a tall, pretty woman. She smiled at Ella.

"Shalom, Ella . . ." she said. She handed her a small blue and white striped flag with a star in the middle.

"How do you know my name," asked Ella shyly. "What is this *shel-loam?*"

The woman walked in, as Ella's mother came to the hallway.

"I am the *Shalom* teacher, of the Israel Corps," she said to her.

"Yes, I was expecting you," Ella's mother said. Then Ella was introduced to her. Her name was Aviva Lamed, but she said to call her *Morah.*

Ella didn't understand it at all—especially when her mother told her to get her coat. "Why?" she asked.

Morah answered simply: "We are going to call for some of your friends—girls and boys who are also thirteen—then we'll go to the park and I'll tell you more."

It sounded like an adventure, thought Ella, but it was strange. Should she go with this Lamed lady to the park—and what would they do there? Her mother winked at the *Morah* and then said to Ella:

"It's all right. Daddy and I have met Miss Lamed before. You'll be all right. Go."

So Ella put on her flat shoes, seeing that *Morah* wore a green uniform and flat heels herself.

It was a beautiful autumn day and *Morah* talked as they walked. First she looked at a list that was written in an odd language, straight and curved strokes instead of the letters Ella knew.

"Our next friend is Barry Hartz" *Morah* said. "Do you know him? He will be thirteen next month."

"Yes, I remember him from my baseball class last year," said Ella. She couldn't remember his face.

"What is it all about?" she asked.

"Well, it will take a little time, Ella," she said —but since you are the first on my "roll call" perhaps I can begin by telling you. As they crossed the street to a courtyard which held a large circular house, she spoke.

"Today is your first day in learning what it

means to be a Jew. What we are doing is really very old. A hundred years ago in Europe children would be called for by a "belfer"—a helper to the rabbi. They would go to a small schoolhouse, where they would study how to read the ancient Hebrew language, and Jewish laws and history. For the past 25 years or more in America, many people have forgotten how to be Jews. You were first on my roll call because your father was Bar Mitzvah when he was thirteen, and your grandmother lit candles on Friday night through her lifetime."

"I don't think my mother does it except on the New Year," Ella said.

"But she knows she is a Jew—many mothers have forgotten this altogether." *Morah* answered. She went on:

"You must be wondering what the Israel Corps is. Do you know about Israel?"

"Yes—we've had it in our lessons. It's one of the few countries in the United Nations that has not had a war for the past 25 years."

Laughing, *Morah* said, "Maybe because we say '*shalom*—peace' instead of hello and goodbye."

So that was what *Morah* had said when Ella saw her at the door!

They were already at Barry's house. *Morah* rang the bell, and Barry came to the door. After introductions and Miss Lamed's talking with his mother, Barry also joined them, wearing sneakers. Next on the roll call was Nancy Lake, and after that Lila Horne. To each of them *Morah* gave a small blue and white flag. She suggested they pin them on their jackets, which they did.

Nancy wanted to know why they were all together. "Because we are Jews and all thirteen?" she asked.

They entered the park. The trees had dropped red, yellow and brown leaves. Barry was picking up the largest ones. "Keep them, *Morah* said. "We will make an autumn decoration."

"Years ago in America," she said, "you had synagogue buildings and classrooms. Little by little, people stopped going to them. They were then used only

for parties and weddings and the Jewish New Year. Soon boys and girls didn't come to their Hebrew schools, as the classrooms were called. They would "play hookey," and after a Bar Mitzvah at thirteen, they would forget the language and the history they had learned. There was so much else to do—shopping, sports, music, dancing, studying for college. The rabbis became dissatisfied with the way things were going. After a few years they would meet with those people who really wanted to learn and practice being Jews, at private homes in groups of ten—a *minyan* or quorum."

"Just like in the U.S. Congress or something?" Barry asked.

"Yes—something like that."

"Why—there are only four of us!" Nancy said suddenly, counting their heads, "and we're all thirteen or about to be."

"In my world history radio lesson I learned that the Greeks would talk and walk together, in a *dialogue*, I think they called it. Is that what we're going to do?" Ella asked.

"Why, you're right," *Morah* said. At thirteen you have already learned some history and can understand better. You will be able to forget less by the time you're grown up. We'll begin our Jewish education where the children used to finish. We'll go back further than the Greeks. We're going to begin just like Abraham did—in a tent, at the beginning of Jewish history. . . ."

"There's the tent!" said Barry, running ahead. In a park clearing a tent stood beckoning to them.

They were all quiet for a moment. Then they let

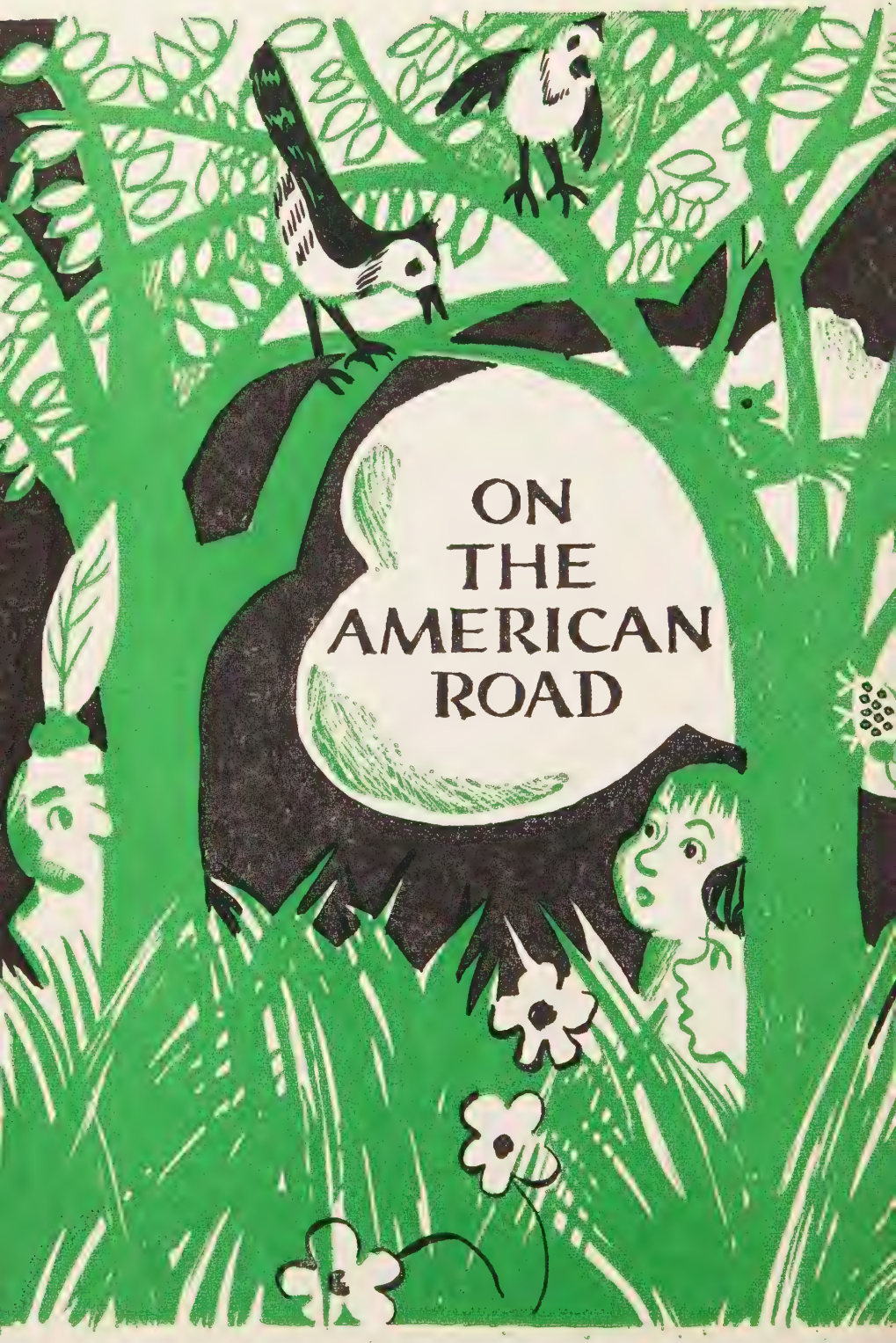
out a "yipee!" and ran over to it. Around the tent was a wire fence and a gate. *Morah* had a key for the gate and unlocked it. They all trooped into the bare tent.

There they spent an hour talking about their plans. *Morah* taught them a song "*Shevet Achim Gam Yachad*" which she said meant, "how good it is to be together." She played the melody on a wooden flute called a *chalil.* It was so different, Ella thought, from listening to electronic lessons and using short-wave to give answers to tests as they did every day in school.

When it began to grow dark, they started home. They had talked, sung, run in games and had a good time. Ella was glad *Morah* had been sent to them from the Israel Corps. She couldn't understand what

boys and girls did when they "played hookey" when her father was a boy. Perhaps *Morah* would explain that game to them later on. It was agreed that twice a week, and sometimes Saturdays, they would get together in their "Abraham's tent" and that the four of them would bring other friends until they had *ten.*

"Don't forget to stop for me," *Morah* said as they left. She gave them all her address on a slip of paper. Ella promised to be the first to call for the others. When she got home, she wrote a reminder on her radio-electronic bulletin board that would light up on the day needed. With the electric pencil she wrote: "Don't forget Israel Corps, 4 o'clock, October 12, 1999."


ON
THE
AMERICAN
ROAD

On the American Road

Go on foot, by bike or car—
Pass now and then to yesterday.
Stop and stay in times afar,
Meet some heroes of the U.S.A.!

This boy might have been one of those who first came to the New World

Jaime and the Deed

JAIME SAMUEL was nine years old. He should have been happy but he was not. Times in Spain had been very sad with the Inquisition against the Jews. Everyone seemed to be doing things he did not understand. His mother was sitting in the dark kitchen sewing up sacks.

He wanted to ask what the sacks were to be used for, but Jaime didn't dare. His mother might tell him and then he would be frightened. Instead he pretended to be writing in his notebook by the light of the table candle. He could see, from the corner of his eye, his father in the next room pouring oil into a pouch from a jug that seemed to be taken from underneath a floor tile.

"Why don't we use the oil to make it bright in the room?" he suddenly asked his mother.

"Candles are better," she said. "Take your page

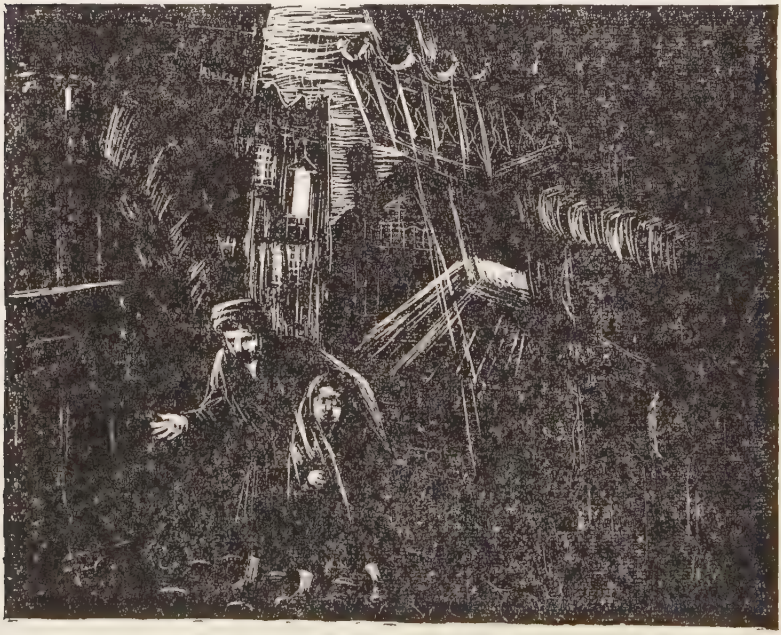
closer to it. The oil is needed elsewhere." Jaime had never heard his mother speak so sharply.

Jaime's father went into another room—the storeroom. His mother followed him. He heard sounds of metal and stone, and then whispers. Soon they were back in the kitchen, with his father wearing a wide belt Jaime had never seen before. He pulled it tight around his middle. Then he called to Jaime to close his book.

"Come, we are going to see Uncle Eleazar."

"Now—? It's almost my bedtime," Jaime answered.

"Wear your soft shoes and a warm cape," his father said, and Jaime obeyed. He knew that Jews must be careful not to be seen when they walked in the streets of Seville.



When they were outside, Jaime and his father kept close to the houses. Jaime didn't like to hide in this way, though they had been doing it for some time. Usually he liked to visit Uncle Eleazar, but not tonight. Since Uncle Eleazar was a rabbi, they went to his synagogue, which was closed except for a small room in the basement. Jaime's father put his palm on the door and pounded softly. After a while the door opened to them.

"Is it you, Judah?" Uncle Eleazar said as he saw them. He smiled at Jaime and pushed back the hood of his cape from Jaime's hair. The room was empty, except for a large chest on which there were some papers. It did not remind Jaime of the beautiful synagogue upstairs, with its bright lamps and carvings on the wall.

Jaime's father opened the wide belt and took it off his waist, handing it to Uncle Eleazar.

"It is full . . ." he whispered, glancing at Jaime. Then he put his finger to his lips and looked straight at Jaime and again at Eleazar. "All have given their most precious jewels and as much coin as they had."

"You will be blessed for this deed," was all Uncle Eleazar said as he shook the hand of Jaime's father. Then he seemed to whisper a prayer. Jaime saw a tear roll from his eyes. Jaime's father took a pouch from his cape and handed it to Uncle Eleazar.

"Here is the oil for the flares," he said.

"Father—what are *flares?*" Jaime asked.

Uncle Eleazar and Judah looked at each other. Uncle Eleazar spoke:

"Jaime—you will soon become a man—so I shall tell you a secret—though not a happy one. The King

has given an order saying that we Jews must leave our homes. We must leave Spain by July."

Jaime was frightened. He jumped up from his chair and went to his father and held on to his cape. "Father, father!" was all he could say.

"Don't be afraid, Jaime," he said. "You are a son of Abraham. God will protect us."

Uncle Eleazar continued: 'All of us will set sail in ships tomorrow night. You will go with your mother into one ship, and your father and your uncles will be nearby with me in another. We will all be in good ships with able captains. See—we shall give them coin and jewels to take us on a safe journey."

Jaime was listening but he began to cry. He wanted to be brave, but he felt that his father and his Uncle Eleazar were tricking him.

"Why must the boy be told?" he heard his father say to Uncle Eleazar.

Then, between his sobs, he heard his uncle speak of "Africa . . . a near country . . . from where someday we may return to Spain." Jaime's father was holding him close and speaking of a "Cristoforo Colombo" who might yet find for the "sons of Abraham a new land of peace." Suddenly, Uncle Eleazar pulled him away from his father's side and spoke to him:

"Jaime, there is a reason for you to know what is to happen. I have a gift for you—a deed."

Uncle Eleazar unrolled a parchment and read to him:

"To Jaime Samuel, I hereby give the Synagogue of Seville in trust for the Shearith Israel—the rem-

nant of Israel—until that day when its wanderings are over. At that time, Jaime Samuel may claim to be the rightful leader of this community if he is of eighteen or older, proved by his writing."

Uncle Eleazar handed Jaime a quill dipped in ink, and Jaime slowly wrote his name near the date, "March 30, 1492."

When Jaime had finished writing, Uncle Eleazar kissed him.

"I put my trust in you," he said. "You must never forget who you are, Jaime Samuel."

Jaime saw his father fold and put the deed inside his shoe. He knew it must be very important

if it was to be hidden. When he became a man he would return to Seville and claim this synagogue which his Uncle Eleazar had to close tonight. The King of Spain would be sorry he sent the Jews away. They were sure to find something—perhaps a treasure, in a new country. He felt better. They'd show the King of Spain!

He put his hand into his father's and waved goodbye to his Uncle Eleazar. Now he was ready to go on the ship.

How a boy stood up to Peter Stuyvesant to help his people in the days of early New York

Amsterdam Adventure

HILLEL AND HIS two Indian friends, Sycamore and Maple, slipped into an open gate in the Wall of New Amsterdam. Happily, they carried the heavy bundles of fur. The troubles of his family and friends in the New World would soon be at an end. Just then they heard a loud rattle. It was a warning signal for the guards in the Rattle Watch to be alert. Soldiers rushed over and grabbed the three of them.

Hillel's wrists, and those of his Indian friends, were tied. The furs were taken and in a few minutes the three were prisoners.

Hillel was frightened. He was only thirteen and since Peter Stuyvesant had thrown his family into the dungeon when they arrived from Brazil a few weeks ago, he felt they would do the same with him. The guards with their tall staffs and sharp axes,

glared at him. Hillel had heard about the iron foot and wristcuffs the Dutch used on wrongdoers. He was more afraid of the Dutch than of the Indians.

With their hands tied, the three were marched to the officer's house at the far end of the Wall. They were seated on a bench. Then Governor Peter Stuyvesant, with his wooden leg clumped his way into the room.

"Stand up!" came the order.

Hillel, Sycamore and Maple rose from the bench.

"How dare you steal furs!" Peter Stuyvesant roared.

Hillel was afraid to speak, but the guard pushed him forward to the Governor's table.

"They are *not* stolen," he said, at last. "We bought them with money. We paid Delt Van Troost in Westchester for these goods."

Stuyvesant laughed aloud. Then he grew angry.

"You lie, boy! No Dutchman sells furs to Indians or Jews!"

"But it is true." Hillel turned to Sycamore and Maple, who nodded their heads in agreement.

Hillel was trembling. He could see that no one believed him.

"Sir Stuyvesant," he begged, "Mr. Bayard, the store merchant here in Amsterdam, gave me the money some days ago."

Everyone was quiet. Hillel was sorry he had spoken. He had not meant to tell about the kindness of Mr. Bayard, who had offered the money to him when his family and friends were thrown into prison.

"Send for Bayard!" A captain's voice rang out

in the room. As a guard rushed out of the room, a man in a great hat with feathers came into the court. It was the captain of the ship on which Hillel had arrived. It was Captain de la Motthe.

"I demand justice, Governor Stuyvesant," he said bowing to the Governor at the table. "I cannot tie my ship up in New Amsterdam waiting for the Jews' money. I must have payment!"

Stuyvesant looked at Hillel and the Indians sharply.

"Perhaps we may yet send the Jews back to the Netherlands on your ship where they will owe you more money!" Stuyvesant said.

Hillel's eyes filled with tears. He wished he were back in Brazil and that they had not been made to leave.

"It is now that I must be paid!" Captain de la Motthe put his fist on the table.

At that moment the guard returned with Mister Bayard. He walked over to the table where Governor Stuyvesant sat.

"Please step aside, Captain," Stuyvesant said, "and let us hear Mister Bayard first. This is also a matter of money."

Mister Bayard looked at Hillel and the Indians and at the bundles of fur piled high on the floor.

"Sir Governor," Bayard said, "the boy did have money which I lent him. I trusted him and offered to help him start a business since he was alone in New Amsterdam."

Stuyvesant looked shocked. He banged a gavel on the table.

"This is a mere boy, Bayard. This is an Israelite," he said.

"He is Dutch, as we are. Jews are known to be fine merchants, Sir. He may bring good fortune here for us too," Bayard replied.

Just then, Syacamore had an idea. He leaned over to Hillel and whispered. Maple heard it and added a few words of his own. Stuyvesant banged the gavel on the table once more as Hillel stood up and walked over to Bayard.

"Mister Bayard," he said, "perhaps you could auction these furs to the New Amsterdamers for us and pay the passage money to the Captain here. Please?"

Bayard looked at Hillel's wrists, tied and red. Captain de la Motthe stepped forward and added:

"Well said, boy. Those who buy these fine pelts of fur can resell them to the British for plenty of pounds!"

Peter Stuyvesant's face changed. Perhaps he was thinking how pleasant it would be if the New Amsterdamers would pay more taxes to him for the furs they would buy and resell. He let go the gavel and pointed to the furs. A guard gave him a bundle to handle. He smoothed the muskrat, raccoon, mink and squirrel furs which the Captain and Bayard handed to him. Then he said, "We shall take up the question of Jews who mean to live in this community with the Dutch West India Company in Holland. Meanwhile, proceed with the sale!"

Hillel and the Indians were so surprised they fell back to their benches. Bayard came to them and spoke:

"Don't worry," he said. "I think the furs will go well and your debt to the Captain of the ship will be paid. Your debt to Stuyvesant may take a little longer." He winked, and Hillel understood that Bayard was on his side and would do what he could to calm Governor Stuyvesant.

The guards would not let the boys out of the room while the sale was going on, but they could hear the shouting and the auctioning of the furs and the prices offered, as they sat near the window. Both Bayard and the Captain seemed to be doing their best to raise the largest sum for them. Hillel was happy as he heard the last squirrel pelt sold by their two new friends.

Sycamore leaned over to him and said, "Soon we shall be free of these ropes." Maple and Hillel looked at their wrists and at the guard and his pike-staff near them.

"Yes," said Hillel. "And soon, Ambrosius, Asser Levy and the others will be freed from the dungeon." He was proud that though he was a boy, his family and friends would be saved because he was not afraid of Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New Amsterdam.

The pen is mighty—even in time of war

Solomon Pinto, Pen Soldier

IT WAS A July morning in 1776. Solomon Pinto, thirteen years old, was on his way to school at Yale. He walked slowly, wishing he didn't have to go. This was a time for carrying rifles, he thought, not school books. His brother Jacob in the army of the American Revolution, must be fighting at this very moment. If only he, Solomon, could be a soldier! But of course, he was too young.

As he passed the village green, he heard the beating of drums. He ran, double-quick. There before him the New Haven Regiment of the militia was passing. He saw some men he knew: Farmer Jackson with a scythe; Henry Sander, the storekeeper; and there was George Smith, the blacksmith. Other men, both young and old, stood together proudly. Each held a rifle or a musket. One held a sword that shone in the sunlight. They wore no uniforms, but their faces held the same look—that of patriots.

When Solomon saw them he felt glad and sad at the same time.

Just then, General Israel Putnam nodded to a bugler. A call was sounded. The troop stood at attention. The General drew out of his pocket a roll of paper and spread it out. Solomon moved closer. He wanted to hear what was to be said.

"This is a copy of the Declaration of Independence," General Putnam said. "It was passed by the Continental Congress just two days ago in the city of Philadelphia. Men, I command you to salute the United States of America!"

The men smiled and followed the General in a quick salute. They took off their hats, waved them

around in the air, shouting, "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Solomon could hear his heart beating. He was excited. He knew this was a special moment.

General Putnam spoke again.

"I am commanded by the Congress to send by messenger, copies of this Declaration to every town and village in Connecticut. However, I doubt if I can spare the men to do all that scribbling. . . ." He mumbled to himself: "There will be many copies needed."

Suddenly, Solomon saw his chance to take part in the work of the army. He rushed out of the crowd up to the green and walked over to General Putnam. Pulling off his cap, he bowed and asked:

"If the General will permit, I shall do it!"

General Putnam looked at him in surprise, but said nothing.

"Sir," Solomon went on, "I am a student at Yale. I have just begun. We study penmanship there. I shall see to it that as many copies as are needed will be made. Since I am too young to fight, I will make this my patriotic deed."

This time General Putnam moved toward him."

"Bravely said, my boy. Here is the document." The General tied the Declaration with the string he held. "How soon can you finish the task?"

"Tonight," said Solomon.

"Excellent," came the General's reply. "Bring the finished copies to the sentry at the Town Hall."

Solomon took the Declaration and the supplies and went off to school.

When he entered his classroom, Professor An-

drew was teaching the mathematics lesson. He stopped his work at the blackboard when he saw Solomon enter.

"Why are you late?" Professor Andrews asked.

"A historic event, Sir," Solomon said, as the class laughed.

Professor Andrews rapped on the desk for order.

"And you, young man, stopped to watch history?" The Professor smiled at Solomon.

"Yes, Sir, I did. They gave me a task to do. Oh, please, may I do my penmanship lesson now? I do not have time for mathematics today."

The class laughed harder than ever.

"Explain yourself, Mister Pinto," the Professor said, looking at him sharply. "What is the meaning of this?"

Then Solomon faced the class and told what had happened. The class burst into cheers when they heard the words, "United States of America." When Professor Andrews heard that Solomon had promised to make all the copies of the Declaration, he was impressed, but said: "My dear boy, it will be impossible for you alone to write these by tonight, good though your penmanship is. This is a task in which all of us here can aid you. There are at least thirty towns and villages in Connecticut, if not more."

Solomon was quiet for a moment. He had so wished to be a patriot and a hero, but the Professor was right. He really could not do it alone. Besides, a promise had been made to General Putnam to finish them quickly. So the books and the rulers were put away. Fresh quill pens and ink came out instead, and hands were washed. The class set to work, in-

cluding Professor Andrews. Some of the boys who could write beautiful capitals wrote the headings while others drew the thin light lines to guide the writers. When each Declaration was finished it was cleaned by those with erasers and then put aside to dry and to be rolled. They hummed as they worked away past supper time. Solomon thought to himself: "I'm glad they teach penmanship at Yale."

It was just before midnight when they finished the Declarations. Some classmates went with Solomon to the sentry box at the Town Hall to bring them to General Putnam. The boys had made a list of all the towns in Connecticut where they would need to be sent. A horse and rider stood ready nearby to speed them on their way. As Solomon handed the last Declaration to General Putnam, he felt proud to hear him say, "The army needs its pen soldiers too."

This famous boy ran away—
but came back—just in time

Aboard the "New Jerusalem"

AS URIAH LEVY put on his cap in the coat room of his schoolhouse, in April, 1802, he smiled. He looked out of the window on this last day of school for the year, and saw the sails of a beautiful ship. He had seen many ships in Philadelphia port, but none like this one. If only he could sail on it!

He walked out of school with his friend, Henry Crown, who lived on his street. They passed the Mikveh Israel Synagogue where both boys went to Sunday classes and where they were both being prepared to be Bar Mitzvah in two years. Uriah thought of his Hebrew lessons for the week. He had done them already. Henry always waited for the last day, but Uriah didn't mind sharing his with him.

Uriah did not turn into his street.

"Aren't you going home?" Henry asked.

"No—I think I'll go down to the wharf a bit,"

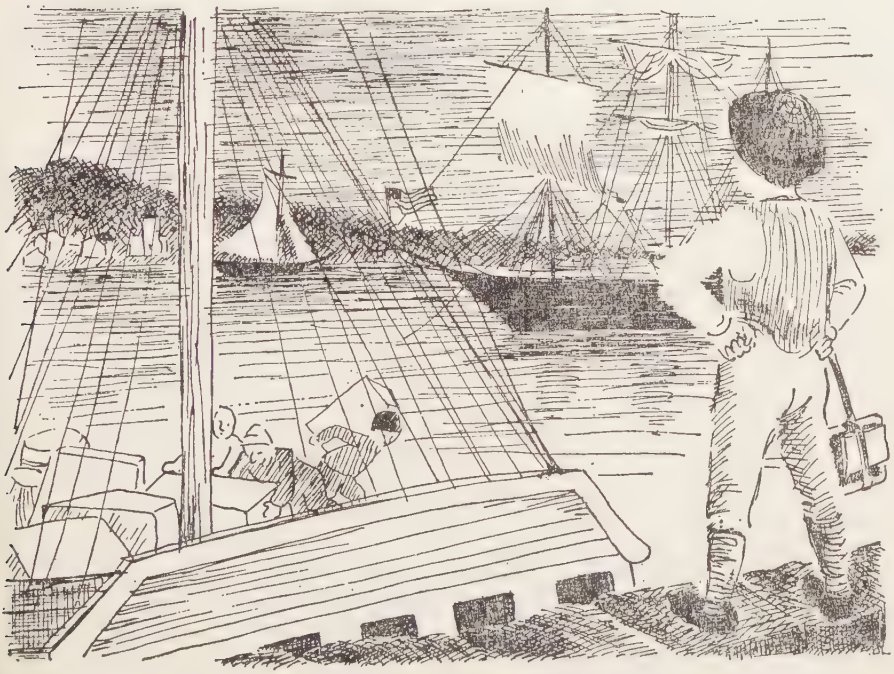
Uriah said, looking away. "But if you see my dad, you won't tell, will you?"

"I won't tell," said Henry, "but doesn't your father expect you to help him in the store today?"

"No, he won't mind since it's the last day of school. My mother's there."

The boys waved to each other and Uriah walked, then ran, down to the wharf a few streets away.

The sun shining on the water hit his eyes. It made him stop running. There were boats of many shapes and colors—large black hulls with great irons on their sides. But the one that shone most from the sun on the water was the one Uriah had seen from his schoolhouse window. He looked at the name on its side as he came closer: *New Jerusalem.* He said to himself:



"My father and mother are Israelites. This is the ship for me to sail on."

He stood looking at the ship while large wooden crates on the backs of sailors were being taken up the gangplank into the hold. Two men stood talking near the edge of the wharf and Uriah heard them:

"No, they don't want or need any more hands on board this one," said one.

"Nothing but a cabin boy is what they need. Theirs took sick."

"Where does it sail?"

"The run from Savannah to Boston, touching ports in between. Nowhere else does it go."

Uriah listened and his heart was beating loud enough for him to hear it. Suddenly he ran up the gangplank, and when he stepped on board the ship, a sailor in a blue vest stopped him with a strong arm.

"Where are you going, boy?"

"Why—to the Captain, I guess. I must speak with him."

"So you must—Captain Wilkins is just up ahead." He nodded toward the prow where a man stood like a statue looking at the city of Philadelphia.

Then Uriah went up to the Captain, and said:

"You need a cabin boy? I can do it."

Captain Wilkins looked at him from head to toe.

"And how old are you, son?"

"Ten years and one week," Uriah answered.

"That's a young age, but maybe you'll do, son, just maybe."

He was led down a tiny staircase into a dark cabin. Captain Wilkins lit the oil lamp on his desk and sat down while Uriah stood before him.

Uriah told all he could when the Captain asked about his father and mother, the general store, his school work. Then Captain Wilkins told him about the hard work of a cabin boy, the storms at sea, the plain food. The Captain explained the low pay—one dollar a month—because a cabin boy was learning to become a sailor.

"That's what I want to be—a seaman," Uriah said shyly.

"If you want to try us, we'll try you, then," Captain Wilkins said at last.

Then Uriah remembered something. "I can be a cabin boy for only two years," he added.

"Why's that, son?" the Captain asked.

"Well, Sir, I'd rather not say." Uriah looked down at his shoes while the Captain got up from his chair.

"That's all right with us," he said. "We may not be back in Philadelphia town in two years—that's April, 1804—we may stop at another port. There's a stagecoach you can ride if your parents want you back sharp in the month of April."

Captain Wilkins laughed and pinched Uriah's cheek. Perhaps later on Uriah would tell him his reason for having to come back on time.

"Boy, we are sailing tonight at six. If you are to be a cabin boy, go home and get your belongings and schoolbooks and tell your mother and father you are in good hands with us. They may come to see you off and speak to me if you wish."

Uriah turned and quickly left the ship. He ran home. He wished he could tell his father and mother what he had done. He was afraid they might stop

him. Instead he looked into the store and saw his mother and father busy waiting on customers behind the counter. He went upstairs to his room to pack many things to take with him. Instead, he took a sheet of paper from his notebook and wrote a letter to his mother and father. It said:

"Dear mother; dear father:

I am going aboard the ship NEW JERUSALEM tonight to be a cabin boy. I want to become a sailor. I will come home in two years—in plenty of time to become Bar Mitzvah. I will be safe with Captain Wilkins on his beautiful ship. Do not worry.

I am always your son,
Uriah."

He folded the letter and put it in his father's cup on the kitchen table, which was already set for supper. He slipped out the back door and ran to his new home for two years aboard the *New Jerusalem.*

How a little girl got to write to the President

A Letter to "Moses"

DORA KOHEN liked to play in her father's dry goods store after school. She loved to listen to the talk of the customers. These days the things she heard were about the troubles between the North and the South. Dora wished she had not been upstairs sick in bed the day a few months earlier when the famous Abraham Lincoln and his friend, Congressman Arnold, had been in her father's store. Though Dora was only ten, she wanted to be in the middle of everything.

She put her books on the shelf beneath the counter and watched her father cutting red cloth for a customer. He smiled at her as she took off her bonnet. She noticed a large bowl filled with fruit on the counter and wondered why it was there. Then she heard her father say:

"Isn't it a great day for Illinois? Mr. Lincoln

has been elected! Soon this American Moses will bring us peace!"

The customer agreed, saying: "My husband is very glad too, Mr. Kohen. But do you really believe we can avoid war?"

"It is our hope—a great hope!" Dora's father said as he put his scissors down.

He offered the lady a piece of fruit. She laughed as she put one of the apples into her package before leaving the store.

Dora decided that today she would draw. It made

her feel very grown up. She took her water colors from her box under the counter just as her father

came over and kissed her on the cheek. She saw that he held a tiny glass of wine in his hand.

"Oh—father—it isn't Friday night—why are you drinking wine?"

"My child," he said. "I am drinking wine to toast a great man who has just become President of this country. He will surely free the slaves just as we Jews were freed from Egypt."

"I know he came here to see you, Father, but I missed him. Did Mr. Lincoln go to other merchants?"

"That I could not say," Mr. Kohen replied. "Congressman Arnold brought him here because he thought Mr. Lincoln should know that plain people like us are on the side of right—his side. . . ." Just then another customer walked in, and still another, and her father went to the opposite counter to serve them. Her mother came down from their rooms upstairs. As she walked past Dora she smoothed her hair.

"Don't stay here too long. Practice your piano as soon as you can."

"But mother, Dora said, "I like to draw." When the customers left the store, Dora saw her father go to her box where she kept her supplies and take out a sheet of paper on which something was written.

"Esther," Mr. Kohen said to his wife, "I've decided to write a letter to Mr. Lincoln. He will have a hard time. It will cheer him to know that we are on his side."

"Let me see it . . ." her mother said. She took the sheet and read quietly.

"Abe—I don't like to say it—but some words are

spelled wrong. How can you be sure he'll be able to read it?"

Dora saw her chance. "Daddy, let me fix the spelling—I can do it."

Her father said. "It's no use—English is not easy for me to write. German is what I was taught. . . ." Suddenly there was a twinkle in his eye. He said, "Dora go upstairs and bring down the Old Testament. It's on top of the bookcase."

Dora did as she was told. When she returned with the heavy book, her father took a cloth and wiped the dust from it.

Mr. Kohen turned the pages quickly, as though he knew where to look. "Here . . . the Book of Joshua . . . that's a good place. . . ."

Dora and her mother watched him silently as he read to himself, his lips moving as though he was praying.

"*Listen—Have I not commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.*"

Mrs. Kohen was puzzled. "Yes? why this?"

Mr. Kohen was thoughtful.

"This is the best message—the best letter I could write to Mr. Lincoln at this time—and I'm going to—" he looked down at Dora's drawing, "I am going to ask Dora to print it next to this picture of the flag."

Dora looked at her drawing, then at her mother and father. She felt her chest rising like a robin's in the spring.

"Father—you mean it? I can make a better flag than that one!"

"No, Dora this is a good drawing. Just see how beautiful your red, white and blue colors look. Paste the flag picture on to a piece of parchment paper, and be careful when you print the words from the Bible. Use a clear pen."

"Is it a fitting message for a president, Abe?" Mrs. Kohen said, doubtfully.

"Yes my dear, for such a man, it is," Mr. Kohen answered.

Dora was so excited she could hardly finish the watercolor flag. Her father left the store and went

down the street to buy a large sheet of parchment paper. He helped her put the drawing in the middle of the paper, and then she carefully copied the words from the *Book of Joshua* her father had marked.

Customers came and went, and her mother waited on them, while her father stood by to help her.

At last the letter was finished and they let it dry. Mr. Kohen addressed a large brown envelope to: "PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN, WASHINGTON, D.C." He smiled and kissed Dora on the cheek as he put the stamp on the envelope.

"Thank you, Dora" he said. "Thank you for being a good girl and a good artist. Thank you for this letter to our American Moses."

Then Dora ran upstairs to play the piano. She hoped President Lincoln would like her paper flag.

If you don't run away, and talk it over instead, you may even make a friend of an enemy

The Spear and the Scroll

WHEN ISRAEL ROSENBERG found a spear lying at the door of his hut in Hawaii one morning in the summer of 1887, he was frightened.

"This is a warning," he thought.

After months of traveling he had just arrived in the Sandwich Islands from San Francisco, California, two thousand miles away.

"I shall go and see the leader of these natives," he decided.

He set out from his hut and met a man wearing a velvet jacket and feathered hat. He seemed to Israel like a trader too, but a rich one. Rosenberg told him about the spear, and that he wanted to explain himself to the native leader.

"I tell you it is foolish to go alone to this 'King Kalakaua' as he calls himself," the trader said. "You should join with us white men—or at least carry a

weapon with you. These dark men are not to be trusted."

But when Rosenberg insisted on seeing the native leader, he told him how to reach the "King." As he followed the path he was thinking the natives must be angry that white men like him had been coming to lay claim to the rich soil filled with palm trees and ripe fruits. His was no such intention. He was tired after his travels and was pleased to find such a Paradise to live and trade in. He wondered if he would be allowed to do business in peace, or would the Hawaiians try to harm him?

"I shall bring them a gift as a sign of good will. Then they will not think I have come to take land or ask for cheap labor," he said to himself.

Rosenberg went back to his hut and looked through his stock. He had sacks and boxes of many things he wished to sell—spoons, forks, cloth, needles, thread, candles. He decided to take his horoscope chart and his Bible with him, as well as a package of needles and thread. He set out a second time.

When he reached the king's hut he was stopped by two natives. They wore grass skirts and colored headdresses. In their hands were spears as tall as boat oars. When Rosenberg came to them, they pointed the spears at him and said, "No go if gun."

Rosenberg showed them his empty pockets, and the things he carried.

One of the natives took him inside. He smelled spice and fruit, animal skin and palm. "King Kalakaua" dressed in furs and feathers, was lying on a couch. The guard spoke to the King in another tongue, and the two were then left alone.

It did not take long for Rosenberg to find that King Kalakaua could understand as well as speak a little English. He gave him the gift of needles and thread. The King pinned all the needles on a piece of animal hide that hung on the wall. Rosenberg offered to tell the King's fortune using the horoscope chart, and asked him when he was born. Instead the King, seeing the Bible, said:

"You tell from the book? I hear."

Rosenberg wondered where he should begin. Would the king understand?

Kalakaua picked up the Bible which was tied with leather straps. He opened them and turned the pages, smiling at the print. Then he stopped at a place, and handed it to Rosenberg.

"Tell . . . speak . . ." he said.

Rosenberg read: "*And again the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say, Go number Israel and Judah.*"

"Who David? Israel and Judah?" The King wanted to know.

"David was a king of my people, thousands of years ago. My name is Israel—the name of my people. Judah was a tribe."

Kalakaua seemed to understand.

"Tell more from book—go . . ." he waved his hand to continue.

Rosenberg read for some time in the Book of Samuel II which told of King David. When he paused, the King would urge him on. It was a long time

before he was allowed to finish. He decided Kalakaua wanted the book, so he offered it to him. The King took it, smiling and nodding his head as if to bow.

"I now be King DAVID KALAKAUA" he said, taking the Bible from Rosenberg. He best king—do right?"

Rosenberg explained that there were other kings in the Bible, but having found David, Kalakaua was going to keep him.

The gift of the Bible seemed to be winning the friendship of this Hawaiian chief. Rosenberg showed him his other merchandise and told him that he wished to trade and sell useful things on the Island.

The king nodded and said, "But you bring no gun. You make no slaves of Sandwich men?"

Rosenberg told him he had come in peace and meant no harm.

"My people were once slaves in Egypt, thousands of years ago, so we remember," he said.

King David Kalakaua turned over the drum at his side. It seemed to Rosenberg that this was a sign of welcome.

The next day Rosenberg wrote a letter to a friend in San Francisco asking him to send him a new Torah scroll and explaining that he had given his treasured Bible to the Hawaiian King David Kalakaua as a gift. "Send me a fine new Torah," Rosenberg wrote, "which I may use for all holidays and occasions. Who knows but that we shall soon have a colony of Jews here in this beautiful place where we are welcome to live in peace and pray."

He explored the West with a camera together with the famous General John C. Fremont

Flashbulbs* on the Frontier

THEY WERE building the last campfire before climbing the highest of the Rocky Mountains the next morning. General John C. Fremont, the leader of the expedition, was in the tent with the Indian guides and the Mexicans, packing supplies.

Near the fire, Egglofstein, the surveyor, and Carvalho, the photographer, sorted out the food provisions. It was five degrees above zero, though it was only October—1853.

"For an 'indoorsman' like you, Solomon," Egglofstein said, "you have done bravely and well in this wild country."

Carvalho was pleased. He knew Egglofstein had explored with Fremont before. He said, "I have been

* Actually, these were not flashbulb pictures as we know them today. It was a chemical that made the "flash," using the "daguerrotype" method, invented by L. Daguerre of France, in 1839.

afraid to speak of it, but I can now tell you, I never expected to see it through so far. In fact, I don't know why, I, who have spent my years in a studio in Baltimore making portraits of people—who have a family of young ones and a wife safe and warm at home, should have dared to adventure into this wilderness."

Egglofstein laughed. He agreed it was hard *not* to follow a man like General Fremont. He had explored with him five years earlier, but this trip, to chart a pass through the Rockies for the railroads, was the hardest yet. Since Fremont was famous by now throughout the United States, they wanted it to succeed.

"I hope the railroads who ask us to find paths for them will be able to build their tracks, even without the pictures and the maps," said Carvalho.

"What? your pictures are not correct ones? My maps are useless?" Egglofstein was angry.

"My dear friend," Carvalho said. "I mean that our hardships have been so many—our food so meager—and so much has been lost—who knows in the end what will become of the work we are doing. . . ."

"You mean you think our work will be in vain?"

"Let us not quarrel, friend. We have already had to kill pack horses and use their meat for food. We have spilled the alcohol, lost the cases of silver plate and mercury I need for my pictures. We have met up with angry Indians. To stay alive at all is my one desire. . . ."

Egglofstein agreed that if they all survived, the things they would have to tell would be of value. He folded his maps and put them inside his shirt.

The heavy paper would help keep him warm for the next day's journey up the mountain. His surveying things he put in his pockets. Carvalho wished his own chemicals, copper plates and lamps could be so easily carried. He put those into a packing crate. He removed the blanket in the crate and covered his shivering mule with it. He thought of the picture showing Moses on Mount Sinai he had once painted in the Beth Elohim Synagogue in Charleston. Looking up in the dark, he wondered if this Rocky Mountain was not even higher.

They spent a restless night sleeping near the fire, taking turns at watching over the camp of seventeen

men and eight mules that were left. It grew colder near dawn, and some of the men moaned in their sleep from frostbite.

In the morning, General Fremont gave the order to close camp, and in half an hour, the shivering group was ready. Carvalho and his mule tramped alongside the General; Egglofstein and three American helpers and several Indians were close behind.

As they went up the mountain the ground became hard and soon there was snow underfoot. Now and then they saw the bones of long-dead animals. It chilled Carvalho to see them, especially when the mules would stop and fall from exhaustion. Then a Mexican would rub the mule, fix its blanket more firmly and make it stand up again. Soon the snow got too deep for the animals, so Fremont, Egglofstein, Carvalho and an Indian Guide went on ahead while the others rested. As Carvalho looked over the land that lay around them, he closed his eyes to print the scene on his mind.

Suddenly he heard Fremont say, "How cold it is!"

His breath was smoke in the air. Fremont stopped and took barometer and temperature readings.

"It is thirty degrees below zero. . . !"

Egglofstein leaned over, his face wrapped in a shawl. His eyebrows, frozen stiff, rose.

Carvalho looked at the instruments Fremont held. He was amazed. It was the coldest temperature he had ever felt.

"Sir," he whispered to Fremont, "It is impossible to heat the vapor here to make my 'panoramas'."

Fremont looked ahead and said nothing. He seemed to be going on. Carvalho tapped Egglofstein and asked for a sheet of his map paper. He rolled it up carefully and put it in his pocket. The three went on, each step like walking on ice. The wind stung like thrown pebbles. Ahead went Fremont, his face down, his boots in and out of snow. Finally, Carvalho looked behind him at the path they had made. Far below, a few black dots were all he could see of the rest of the party. He had an idea.

Taking out the sheet of paper and a piece of lead, he began to draw the scene around him, making sure to make the lines of the path they had taken. He could not feel the fingers in his gloves. It took him several minutes to finish the picture.

He had an odd thought. He was glad there were mountains and valleys and streams to show. Had he been a Jew in the desert with his forefathers centuries ago, what could he have sketched but *sand?*

Soon Fremont and Egglofstein rejoined him. The three decided to go the opposite way around the mountain. They would return to the rest of the party below and try to find a way around the mountain.

When they reached the little knot of men, it was clear that they could not go on by foot. It was decided it was better for the mules to carry the men around the mountain so that they would arrive safely on the other side. Some of the packs would have to be "ditched."

"We must have the food and provisions," Carvalho said to Fremont. "The daguerrotype equipment and the chemicals are the heaviest pack for

the mules," he said. "I propose that we bury them here on the mountain, Sir."

"But how will your panoramas be made then?" Fremont wanted to know.

"Why—by my own hand!" Carvalho said, taking out of his coat the scene he had sketched on the mountain.

Fremont looked at it, puzzled but pleased.

"Good, Carvalho . . ." he said, "I had almost forgotten you are also an artist . . . lucky for us."

They worked slowly to dig a hole through the snow and earth on the side of the unnamed mountain. With spikes and shovels in the bitter cold they made a deep pit for the crate containing the equipment with the camera and the chemicals. Egglofstein even marked the spot on a chart, for they all agreed that some day they would return to reclaim the crate of cameras with the undeveloped plates in them. They were sure that some day a railroad would run in this wilderness because of this first trip.

As Carvalho turned the last spade of earth and snow over their hidden treasure, he spoke to Fremont: "General, I believe we have done wisely. It is better to bury cameras than men. Let us continue. Now, I shall serve you with my hands alone. . . ."

IN
LONG AGO
COUNTRY

In Long-Ago Country

We've gone to Persia, Europe, Palestine
And dug in them like Solomon's mines;
A pailful of stories never to lose;
Wise treasure of our traveling Jews.

No one could guess the answer to this riddle

The Sweetest Sound

IN THE LAND of Persia, a long time ago, there was a prince who had a habit of asking his friends difficult questions and riddles. Since he loved the sound of music, he went about asking servants and members of his household: "What is the sweetest sound?"

His cook said: "The melody of the lute."

His Prime Minister said: "The sound of the violin."

He went among the people in the city. He told his servant to take him to the Jewish quarter. "I hear that Jews have sharp ears for beautiful sounds," he said.

He stopped a young man on his way to the well. "What do you believe to be the most beautiful sound in the world?" the prince asked of him.

The young man answered immediately: "Why

the melody of the harp, of course! Did not David soothe Saul with its strings?"

The prince thanked him and left, but he was still not satisfied with the answers. No one had yet guessed the answer he had in mind.

Days later, the prince invited his friends and family to a party at his palace. He sent for the young Jew he had met in the city and asked him to come

also. He seated his guests on satin pillows and had servants with fans cooling the great hall in which they sat. All the guests wore beautiful clothes.

The party began with a flute player. Next, trumpeters came and played lively marches. Then boys carrying harps entered, and entertained the guests. This continued for a long time, until twenty instruments were heard. The guests thought it strange that the custom of Persia—to load the tables and urge more and more food on them, was not being followed. Since it was not good manners to ask for food, the guests were hungry and very thirsty. When

it was almost midnight, the musicians were still playing, but no food was in sight.

Finally, the prince rose from his seat. He called for his cook. The cook carried a great pot of steaming hot soup into the hall. He placed the pot on the table before the prince. With a big spoon, the prince began to beat the sides of the pot. Clink! Bang! it went.

The guests smiled. At last they would eat. But instead the prince put up his hand for silence and said:

"My friends—now you must know the answer to my question, 'what is the sweetest sound of all?' " The guests looked at each other. Not even the young Jew could answer.

"Then I shall have to tell you," the prince said. "The clink of dishes in the ears of the hungry—that is the sweetest sound!"

And they all feasted and drank and made merry far into the night, and laughed to think they had not guessed the answer to the prince's riddle.

Were there really six other "secrets" or was the first only a trick?

The First Secret

THERE WAS ONCE a shepherd boy who grazed his sheep near a lake in Palestine. He would sit on its shores and watch the colors of the sky in the water. It was a lovely place and it made him want to make things of beauty. He cut a reed from the tall grass and made a flute of it, as he had seen other shepherds do. But he could play only one melody and soon grew tired of it. Then he saw on the side of the mountain an old olive tree from which a branch had been broken. He picked it up, stripped off its bark and carved it. It took some days, but at last it became a beautiful harp. He fitted it with strings of fine long hair from the tail of a horse.

Now that the shepherd at last held the harp in his hands, he was afraid to pluck it. One day when the sun set over the mountain and the colors of the

sky lit up the lake, the boy at last took up the harp and began to play.

A beautiful song came out. Each sheep, lamb

and goat in his flock stopped and listened. The boy played on, happy in the song he was making.

Suddenly, he looked up and there was a little white boat in which sat a very old man with long white hair. The boat came close to the shore and the boy spoke:

"Who are you?"

"I am the Keeper of the Lake. That is a beautiful harp you have there," he said.

"I made it myself out of the wood of an olive tree," the shepherd said, surprised.

"That is a fine harp and you make fine songs," the old man said.

"But you must give it to me" he added, putting out his hand.

The shepherd was angry. He drew back. "I shall not! No! It is mine. I made it myself."

The old man looked in the boy's eyes and said. "If you give it to me I shall play on it a song of the seven secrets and it will make all men happy when they come to this Lake. If you keep it, only you and your sheep will ever hear its music."

When the shepherd would not give up his harp, the old man said: "Then you shall draw from your harp only groans and sighs!" And he disappeared into the lake.

From that day on, when the shepherd touched the harp, only groans and sighs came from it. Now the shepherd grew sad. He took the harp to his hut where he laid it down. Perhaps it would sing again, he hoped, when the sunset colors again lit up the lake. He took the harp to the lake each day, but it would not play.

One day at sunset, as he sat with his sheep, the white boat came again. The old man with the long white hair again came close to the shepherd and called:

"Will you give me that harp?"

The boy did not answer. He grew afraid.

"Do you not wish to know even one of the seven secrets?" the old man asked.

"Will it make my harp play again?" said the boy.

"Yes—but only my fingers can do it as I speak the first secret."

The shepherd was eager to hear this, so he handed the harp to the old man, who then said:

"The first secret is that a man must learn there is a time to give up even a treasure for the good of all men. The song of this harp which I shall play in this lake will make many men happy who come here."

With those words, and with the harp still in his hand, the old man and his white boat sank into the lake. As it went the shepherd could hear a beautiful song, loud and clear, coming from the water.

From that day on, he called the lake *Kinneret*, or "Little harp."

The last gift was really the most important one of all

The Gifts of Solomon

THOUSANDS OF YEARS ago in the days of King Solomon, there lived two brothers. One was very lucky. His labor in the fields and with his flock had brought him riches. He had a great house and servants. His poor brother, Simon, was luckless. Whatever he did came to nothing. Finally, he was forced to become a beggar. He was always hungry and cold and without a home. People in the village told him to go and ask his rich brother for help and finally, Simon did so. At first, the rich brother was kind, but when Simon kept coming for aid, the rich brother grew tired of being generous and told his servants to set his dogs on him when he came again.

When Simon came to the door of his brother's house the next time, hungry dogs jumped upon him and he had to run for his life.

In despair Simon fell down at the roadside and

called to God for help. His answer was to receive the thought that he should go to King Solomon in Jerusalem and ask his advice.

He had walked for many days and nights on his journey when he came to a forest, and though he was afraid, he entered it. Then he found himself face to face with a wolf. Simon was frightened, but was amazed when the wolf spoke to him, saying:

"Do not fear me, man. I only want to know where you are going."

"I am going to see King Solomon," Simon answered, "for I need his wisdom to help me."

"Good" said the wolf, "perhaps you can ask him a question for me too. Why is it that I am always hungry? Though I eat everything I can catch, I am never satisfied. Since you must pass here again, when you return, will give me his answer?"

Simon agreed to do this for the wolf, and went on his way. It was not long before he grew tired, and seeing an old apple tree, he sat down under it to cool himself in the heat of the day. He was about to close his eyes for a brief nap, when he heard the tree speak:

"Do you see my withered arm?" the tree asked.

Simon jumped up. There was indeed a huge branch that bore no leaves or fruit, while the other half of the tree was healthy.

"Where are you going that you must rest here?" the tree asked.

"I am going to Jerusalem to see King Solomon," Simon answered.

"Then please ask him why the branch on my left side is withering."

Simon agreed to speak to King Solomon. The tree thanked him for his kindness and told him to take some of its apples to eat on his long trip, which Simon did.

Next Simon came to a river. He began to feel that his poor luck had caught up with him again and that he would never get to the other side, for how was he to cross the river without a boat?

Suddenly a big fish jumped out of the river, and spoke:

"Person, where are you going that you must cross this river?"

"Why, I am going to see King Solomon in Jerusalem, and ask his wise advice."

"Then perhaps you can ask a question for me too," asked the fish. "Please ask him why my left eye aches day and night and leaves me no peace." As he said it the fish blinked in pain.

Simon promised to put the fish's question to King Solomon. Then the fish rewarded him by carrying Simon on its back across the river.

When Simon safely reached the other side, he walked for a day and a night and at last came to

Jerusalem. He asked a stranger for directions to the palace. At last he found it. It was guarded by two gold lions which stood at either side of the entrance, and many people stood patiently waiting to see Solomon.

It took seven days for Simon's turn to come before King Solomon. When he stood before the great king, he wept. Then he spoke:

"Great and clever king—I have worked and worked—but all has come to nothing. I have a brother who lives in luxury, while my days are spent in darkness and hunger. I am now forced to be a beggar. When I go to my brother to ask for his help dogs are set upon me. Where is justice?"

When Solomon heard his complaint and saw his tears, he answered:

"Return to your village. Use your hands for labor —for it is that which makes life sweet. Never mind the misfortune that has happened to you. He who sows in sorrow reaps in joy. You will have a good life yet."

At this Simon was consoled and was about to leave the palace when he remembered the three questions he had promised to ask—those of the wolf, the tree and the fish. So he stayed longer and asked them of Solomon. To all the questions, he received answers.

On his return he traveled again on the same path that he had taken before. First, he came to the river and waited for the fish to rise from the water. When the fish finally leaped up, he asked Simon what Solomon had said. Simon told him:

"Back of the pupil of your left eye a pearl is

growing. Take this out and there will be no more pain."

The fish asked Simon to remove the pearl, since he could not do this for himself. Simon did, and the fish was so grateful to be free of pain, that he told Simon to keep the pearl, since he himself had no use for it. Then he rode him on his back across to the other side of the river.

Soon Simon came to the apple tree.

"Well, did King Solomon tell you why my branch is withering?" asked the tree.

Simon told the tree that Solomon had said something must be buried near the roots on its left side. "Dig it up and the branch will grow again," Simon said.

Since the tree itself could not dig under its roots, Simon dug down deep on the left side until he came to the roots. There he found a pot that held many gold pieces. He took out the pot and showed the tree that this was what Solomon must have meant. The tree felt new life entering its roots and was healthy again.

"Take the pot, for I have no use for it," said the tree.

Simon took the pot of gold pieces and was about to leave when he remembered that he must walk through the forest where the wolf lived. Just as he was about to enter it, he recalled what Solomon had said: "Go not with a healthy body into a sick bed." Simon then understood that the hunger of the wolf could bring harm to him, so he avoided the forest and took a path leading to his village.

In peace Simon returned home. With the pearl

and the gold pieces, he was able to buy wood and tools and set to work building a house for himself. Soon after, he found a wife, and had a family of children. From that day on, he lived happily and in health. Because of the gifts he had found through Solomon, he was also able to find yet another gift—he *forgave* his rich brother for the injustice done to him long before.

One word can make you laugh—
if it has many meanings!

Father Rothschild and the Beggar

MORE THAN a hundred years ago, the Rothschild family was famous for its riches. Meyer Anschel, the father of the Rothschilds, often gave money to the needy who came to him. Soon he had too many such visitors, and could not do his work in peace.

One day he told his servants:

"Do not let anyone come to see me today. I have much work to do. Let no one through the door!"

His three servants promised to do as they were told.

Soon a beggar came to the door and asked to see "Herr Anschel."

"Sorry—but you cannot see him now." The first servant said.

The beggar went to the back door.

"I will say very little to Father Rothschild," the beggar promised the second servant.

"You cannot enter," was the answer.

The beggar went to a third door.

"Please let me come in," he said. "I will say only one word to him; I promise."

The third servant called the first two and the beggar told all three that he would say *only one word* if he could come in.

The servants knew that their master loved a joke, so after talking it over they said to the beggar, "You may come in—but say only one word—no more."

The beggar entered the house and was taken to Meyer Anschel's office. There he bowed and said "Gemorah!" Then he marched out.

Father Rothschild looked up and listened. What did it mean?

He sent for his servants. They thought he would be angry because the beggar had been able to get into the house after all. But instead, they were told:

"The man who was just here . . . get him. Bring him to me."

They ran to the door just in time to see the beggar leaving. They begged him to return.

"No, I will not break my promise to you, even for such a man as Father Rothschild," was the answer.

The three servants had to speak to the beggar for some time to get him to go back to Father Rothschild.

When he again stood before Father Rothschild, he was asked:

"What did you mean by saying, 'Gemorah?' "

The beggar put his finger to his lips, and his

hand on his heart to show that he still meant to keep his promise of saying only one word.

"Let us forget that promise," Herr Amschel said. "Speak now."

"The beggar took a deep breath, fixed his cap and collar and said, 'Gemorah!' "

"What do you mean?" he was asked again.

"Ge-Mo-R-A — *G*ood *M*orning, *R*eb *A*nschel."

"Well, good morning!" said Anschel smiling. "But surely you have not come merely to greet me!"

"Gemorah!" came the answer.

"What else do you mean?" he was asked.

"*G*ive *M*oney *R*eb *A*nschel!"

Father Rothschild laughed and gave five gold coins to the beggar who bowed his thanks and started to the door.

"Speak up, now, and say what you wish," Rothschild asked again.

"*G*ive *M*ore *R*eb *A*mschel!" The beggar turned and left.

Laughing, Rothschild gave his servant ten more

gold coins and sent him to the beggar who was almost out of the door. He returned to Rothschild's office with a happy face and once more said:

"Gemorah!"

"What is it now?" he was asked.

"*G*ood *M*an, *R*eb *A*mschel."

He nodded and put his finger on his lips to remind his listener that he had kept his promise after all.

He who "turns tables"
may find himself
tricked in the end

The Merchant Slave

THERE WAS ONCE a young merchant named Reuven who sold spoons and forks, and pots and pans from door to door. He went from village to town and would not return home until his bags were empty and both pockets of his coat were filled with money.

One winter, when it had snowed for two days, he lost his way on his travels. It seemed to him that he had walked into another country. The roads were covered with white. Fearful that he would die in the cold, he knocked at the door of a strange house.

A servant in a black coat answered.

"Come in out of the snow," he said.

Reuven was pleased and went inside.

"I am from Cracket," he said, "and I have lost my way."

The servant did not know of the town, but he

invited Reuven in to have a bowl of hot soup.

"When the snow stops, perhaps you will find your way," he was told.

When Reuven had finished, he started to rise from the table. A man wearing animal skins suddenly appeared, grabbed his arms and placed a heavy chain around them. Reuven cried out in pain.

A noble in velvet suit came before Reuven and spoke sharply, telling him that he now was in another country and would be a slave in his household.

"You will tend my sheep!" he said. "If you do not lose any sheep to wolves, you will be set free in a year."

Reuven begged and pleaded to be let go, offering money, but his goods were taken and a chain put on his foot. He was tied to a tree like a dog and guarded by a man with a knife. Then Reuven was given a flock of sheep to tend.

The first day a wolf came and made off with a sheep. This mishap was told to the noble who came to Reuven himself and warned him that he would be killed if he did not become a better shepherd.

"I must have a longer chain so that I can run and catch the wolf," Reuven said.

The next day Reuven was given a longer chain. Some days later a wolf came again at night and stole another lamb. In truth, Reuven was afraid to wrestle with an animal that had such sharp teeth.

Once more the noble came in great anger and said to Reuven:

"We have been too kind to you. If another sheep is lost through your lack, I myself will put you to death!"

That night Reuven lay awake, listening for the animals, for he was now in fear of his life. For a time, all was peaceful and no sheep were lost. Then one night, he fell asleep and a wolf came and killed a sheep.

In the morning, the noble came to Reuven with a coil of rope and sent the guard away. Then he said:

"Three times you have failed to stop the wolves from killing the sheep. You too shall be killed."

Though he cried out, Reuven was bound with sharp cord. He moved his lips in prayer and begged for mercy.

"Now I go to bring the executioner," the noble said as Reuven lay bound on the grass and chained to the tree.

Just then a beggar came. He wore a torn coat and rags on his feet. He stopped and looked at Reuven.

"Why do you lay there, all bound, Sir?" he asked.

"I am a new shepherd," answered Reuven thinking quickly, "and the others are testing me. They have tied me to see if I am able to undo myself. The reward is coin from the sale of the wool of the largest sheep in the herd."

"Let me take your place," said the beggar, for I can undo any knot, and gold is what I need."

Reuven was astonished at the beggar's offer, but thinking God had answered his prayer in this way, he agreed. Then he was quickly unbound by the skillful hands of the beggar. The two exchanged clothes —Reuven putting on the torn coat of the beggar, who tied himself in the same way that Reuven had lain just a few minutes earlier.

"Now hide yourself behind a tree. When your shepherds come, you will see a fine trick," he said.

As soon as Reuven had hidden himself, he saw the noble return with the executioner. They looked at the man on the ground who had closed his eyes. Before the beggar could open them, Reuven slipped quietly away and ran and ran and ran all day. Soon he found a road he knew and after several days he made his way back to his native village of Cracket.

Reuven had been gone many months and when he came back dressed as a beggar, his hair long and rags on his feet, many did not recognize him. But his family and friends rejoiced at his return. He again became the young merchant selling pots and pans, forks and knives, from town to town. People began to ask about his adventures, and he would boast of the time he had tricked the beggar into taking his place as a shepherd in the strange country

where he had been lost. Soon he was called before the Elders of Cracket to explain himself.

He spoke of his wanderings and the cruel noble. Then he boasted of the lie he had told to the passing beggar who took his place before the executioner.

"Was this man put to death in your place?" Reuven was asked.

"Yes, but he could have freed himself in a moment from the knots he had made. I saw how easily he untied my cords," Reuven said.

"But you let him give his life in exchange for yours?"

"Perhaps it was so," Reuven answered.

"*You* had no right to give away *his* life," the Elder said, shaking his head.

"A beggar, a slave, a free man—all are human beings," he continued. "You have broken the law of

the Torah," he said to Reuven. "You must therefore put on the old clothes of the beggar if you still have them, and pay for your sin of punishing the innocent. You must yourself become a beggar for seven years, leaving your home and your family. Wherever you stay by day you must not rest your head at night, and from all you meet you must beg food and mercy. Only in that way can your wrong be righted."

And so it happened that Reuven the merchant became Reuven the beggar.

Empty hours and empty bags
made a mystery to unravel

The Man with a Sack

THERE WAS ONCE a lazy prince of Baghdad named Caliph Haroun. He would walk every day in the garden of his palace, throw pebbles at flamingoes and pick flowers. Then he would lie down on the grass and yawn or sleep for hours. On some days he would count the leaves on the trees above his head or watch the shape of the clouds passing in the sky. Though the people in the kingdom were poor and other countries made war against them, Haroun would only listen to the reports of his ministers, and yawn. He would eat, drink and sleep and try not to think.

One day as he slept on a marble bench in the royal garden, he heard loud cries. He rubbed his eyes and opened them in time to see a guard dragging an old Jew holding a sack tied tightly at the end.

"We caught this man about to climb down from the wall into the palace," the guard said.

"Is he a robber come to steal the jewels?" asked the prince, sleepily.

"I find no tools on him, your Majesty," was the answer.

"I have nothing except this empty sack," said the old man.

"Untie it then," commanded the prince.

But the old man said he could not untie the sack, even if he were to try, nor he would tell why he had climbed over the wall. So they put him into a prison cell and called for the royal fisherman, the general of the army and the weaver. Each of them in turn tried to untie the knot on the sack. None were able. Haroun went to the old man in the cell and asked him to open the sack.

"I cannot," was his answer, "but perhaps his Majesty himself can do so."

Haroun was surprised. But he did not offer to try.

"What is in the sack you carry? Tell us that at least," he asked, hoping to end the matter.

"Only he who opens the sack can know that," answered the old man. At this Haroun was curious. He took the sack from the floor and sat down on the prisoner's bench. Putting the sack on his knees and using both hands, he pressed the cord and turned it, and as if by magic, the knot opened! The old man smiled. Haroun was amazed!

He felt air in the sack rush out like a strong wind. Then he looked into it. He saw nothing. He turned it upside down, but nothing came out.

"The sack is empty!" he shouted angrily at the old man.

"It only seems so," was the answer.

"What do you mean?" demanded Haroun.

"Since your Majesty has indeed untied it, I can now tell what is in it. You see, I am a gatherer of time—wasted time. Since I was a child I have seen that there are many men who do not know what to do with the precious gift of time. They sleep away whole days and do nothing of meaning with their years of which we are given so short a measure."

"But what do you do with this sack of time?" asked Haroun, laughing.

The old man continued.

"There are those who need time to finish their work . . . the scientists, the poets, the makers of houses, the artists, the road-builders, the teachers. They never have enough time. For them I gather the unused seconds, minutes, hours and days."

Haroun listened and was silent. Then he asked the old man why he had come over his palace wall. "Surely you were seeking something to steal," he said.

The old man looked frightened.

"Do not be afraid!" said Haroun. "Speak freely and you will have my mercy."

"Your Majesty," said the old man, the sack of time which you have just opened has been gathered mostly in your garden in your own palace. While you have slept and dreamed, I was able to climb over the walls. I came often for I found a great store of unused time here—much more than I could have found anywhere else in the city of Baghdad with its hundred gates."

For the first time in years, Haroun was thinking hard.

"You are free!" he said to the old man. "You may go and continue to gather in your sack the wasted time of other men. But as of today, you will be unable to gather such treasure here in my palace —for as Allah is my witness, I intend to use all of it!"

From that day on, Haroun came to be known as a good ruler. He and his people worked hard and were at peace. When his friends asked how this change had come about, he would say, "With the help of an old Jew, I have learned wisdom."

The key taught him how to best use his money.

The Second Key

LEIB GLUCK WAS once a poor man who had become rich through his work of performing marriage ceremonies. People called him "Leib the Miser." He would take all the money he earned and gifts he received and lock them up in his strongbox. Before he went to a ceremony he would not eat, but would wait until the wedding feast to satisfy his hunger. He would not give money to charity, but would count his coins every night before going to bed. Leib seemed to have forgotten there was anything better than money.

One day a stranger knocked at his door and said:

"My coach and horses are waiting for you to come with me to perform a wedding ceremony at my house. It is a long trip, so we will not return for several days.

Leib was happy to go with the stranger who was dressed as a rich man and had a beautiful coach.

When they came to the stranger's home, Leib was pleased to see it was so large, to meet the well-dressed guests and to hear such beautiful music. When the bride came forward, she drew Leib aside and whispered to him:

"I am the only real person here like yourself. All the others are spirits. Do not take money or gifts, eat or drink in this house or you will have a terrible fate!

Leib felt weak and frightened. He was hungry and tired after his long trip. But each time drink or food was offered, he said: "No thank you. It is my custom to fast for twenty-four hours before the wedding, in order to make the prayers for the couple's happiness come true."

Even when it came to giving the blessing over wine, Leib put the cup to his lips but he was careful not to let a drop get into his mouth. When the wedding was over, he was free to leave, and started for

the door. There he was stopped by the stranger who said:

"Now we would like to pay you for your services to us."

Leib began to shiver as he followed the stranger into a room which held shining silver vases, trays, and forks and spoons.

Leib would save liked to have had many of these precious things, but he remembered what the bride had told him and refused.

"Perhaps we have something in here that will please," said the stranger, leading him into another room. Here were open boxes and boxes of coins.

"No, I want nothing from you," said Leib. "I have not earned it. Your thanks is enough," he said.

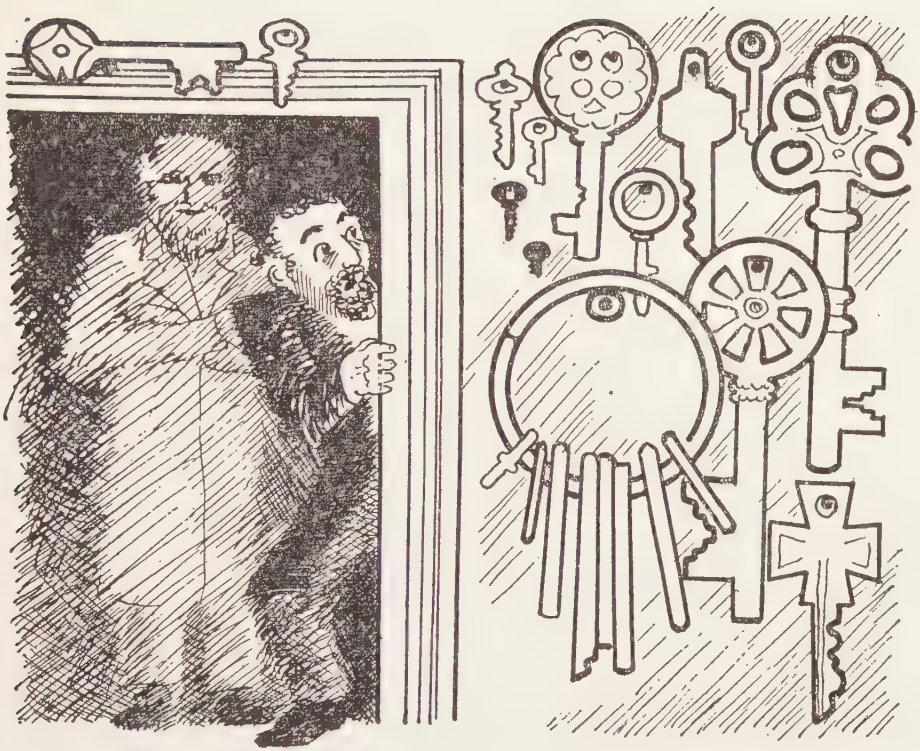
Still another room was opened to Leib, whose knees were now shaking in fright. This time the room held diamonds and precious stones of every color.

"Let me return home," said Leib to the stranger. "It is kind of you but I want none of them." He thought: What if I am already a prisoner here?

Leib was led into yet another room, and to his surprise, all it held was hundreds of keys hanging on plain white walls. He looked around at the many different kinds of keys, wondering what it might mean, then he saw the key to his *very own strongbox* at home!

He was about to open his mouth and ask for his own key, when he remembered the bride's words. The stranger seeing him staring at the key on the wall, took it off the hook, saying:

"When a chest is built, two keys are always made



to unlock it. One is the owner's key. The second key belongs to God. If the second key is not used, the owner finds it harder and harder to use the first key. As he puts more and more money in his chest, his spirit soon becomes locked up with the coins in it."

Saying this, the stranger handed the key to Leib.

"Remember what you have seen here. Take the second key and use it."

As Leib put it into his pocket, a door suddenly opened and the stranger disappeared. Leib was soon home, safe in bed.

He spoke a prayer of thanks at his escape. Then he ran to his strongbox and quickly took a pocketful

of coins from it. These he took as charity to the community chest of his town. From that day on, Leib used only the second key to open his strongbox, the key that helped him to remember God and his fellow man.

What's in the mind of the maker shows up in his work— even if it's a dress.

The Proud Tailor

THERE WAS ONCE a tailor named Levi who was very proud. He was sorry he was only a tailor and not a rich landowner or a lawyer. He did not like to work all day. Levi grumbled as he sewed, blaming his father for making him a tailor when he had the wisdom to become something more important in life.

One day he finished a satin dress for the wife of an army officer. She went into another room, and tried it on. When she came out of the room she was very angry with Levi.

"It is too tight! I cannot wear it! You have not measured it well!" she shouted at him.

Levi only said: "It looks fine. I have done it well!"

But she went out of the room, took off the dress, returned and threw it at his feet. Then Levi himself

was told by a servant to leave the house and never again to sew for them.

At first Levi did not care, but soon, the wives of other officers and landowners stopped asking him to make clothes for them and Levi grumbled even more. His wife and children began to cry from hunger, until he could no longer stand it. He took his sewing machine on his wagon and went to another town to knock at the doors of rich homes asking for work. When they saw Levi's angry face and proud manner, they sent him away.

He was very sad, and cried before his wife and children when he returned home. His wife asked him to go and speak with a great Rabbi and judge and seek advice. Levi took the satin dress he had

made for the officer's wife with him, and went. After listening to his story, the rabbi said:

"Go back to that woman and offer to make the dress over. Measure once more. Then rip up this dress and sew the pieces together again just as they were."

Levi did as he was told. Timidly, he went back to the officer's house and said he was sorry for what had happened. To his surprise, he was allowed to come in. Humbly he measured the lady again. At home, he made over the dress he had carelessly sewed when he was proud and thought himself perfect.

When it was finished, it seemed to Levi like the same dress he had made before, but this time it fit perfectly! The officer's wife was pleased and asked him to make another dress for her.

When Levi returned to the rabbi to thank him for his help, he told him he was puzzled as to why the first dress did not fit, while the second did. To this the rabbi replied: "You made the first dress with too much pride, but the second was made after you had been humbled."

From that day on, Levi the tailor never again grumbled as he sewed. As he became more humble, his work became perfect.

Some people put no limits on the charity they expect from others.

The Unwelcome Guest

IN THE "old country" there was once a poor man called "Nunce," who traveled from town to town asking for shelter and food. In his youth he had learned no trade and so found it hard to earn his living. People felt sorry for him and would offer him a meal and a bed.

One afternoon Nunce was walking in the heat of the sun when he saw an inn by the side of the road. He knew it was the time of the year when the inns were not crowded. A man who seemed to be its owner sat outside smoking his pipe. Nunce could smell fresh food on the stove. He was hungry. Stopping to wipe his forehead, he asked:

"Could you spare a bed and a taste of soup for a poor beggar?"

The innkeeper stopped to look at Nunce, and nodded his head "yes." He led Nunce upstairs and

gave him the first room. It was clean and bright. Nunce thanked him, blessed him and his family and wished him Paradise for his good deed. Then he rested, washed and went down to eat a bowl of soup. The next morning, when he awoke, the cook served him a hearty breakfast of bread, butter,

cream, cheese and eggs. Nunce felt indeed like a welcome guest, and soon after, asked the innkeeper:

"May the Lord reward you for your kindness. Will you allow a poor man to remain *yet another day?*"

The innkeeper looked surprised but said: "Am I not a Jew—who must offer charity? You may stay another day."

Nunce was glad, but he was puzzled when the innkeeper moved him into another room. That night his bed was harder than the night before, and he was offered less food. Since Nunce was in no hurry, he decided to stay on at the inn yet another day and night. Each time he went to bed, he saw that his clothes had been put into another room. On the fourth night, his bed had no mattress and was made up of straw. He was given only hard bread for supper, and he said to the innkeeper: "I'm likely to starve to death here."

The innkeeper replied: "Today we have eaten the last piece of meat. Tomorrow there is only bread."

Nunce decided that it was time to leave. "Wake me at dawn," he said to the innkeeper, "and I shall be on my way. I cannot travel in the heat of the sun." Then Nunce went to sleep soundly on the straw. He wished to have all his strength for his journey.

The innkeeper was afraid he would oversleep and that Nunce would not wake in time for his departure, so he stayed up most of the night reading a book. At last, the first rays of light came through his window. The dawn was breaking. He went to the room behind the kitchen where Nunce slept and shook him lightly.

"Get up!" he said. "It will soon be dawn."

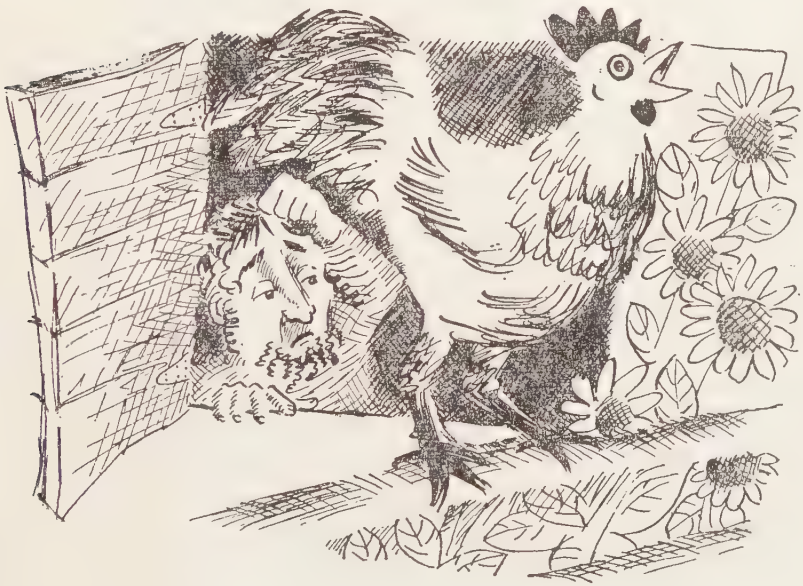
Nunce continued to sleep soundly. Again the innkeeper shook him. Still Nunce slept. Just then a rooster crowed. The innkeeper shook Nunce harder.

"Get up! The rooster has already crowed!" the innkeeper said.

At this Nunce jumped up from his bed and opened his eyes.

The rooster crowed again.

"What, you still have a *rooster* and you say there is no food?"



Nunce put his head back on the straw. "I shall stay another day since there is still a rooster."

And he closed his eyes again, while the innkeeper stood staring at his unwelcome guest.

WE STOP
FOR SOME
HOLIDAYS

We Stop for Some Holidays

Some of our days are happy and bright,
Others are sad and remind of the night.
With candles and goodies and synagogue
prayer,
We remember the times of joy and despair.

Strange things can happen when you drink out of an old silver cup

The Cup That Hated Wine

DEBBY ALWAYS drank grape juice on Friday night, but when her grandfather came to visit, she was allowed to have wine. He said the Friday night prayer, the Kiddush, and then he offered her a sip from his big silver wine cup. It was soon after that Debby heard the cup speak. It seemed to say as she held it in her hand:

"Ugh! Ugh! I hate to be wet."

Debby sipped again. She was sure she had heard:

"I want to be dry."

Debby quickly drank up all the wine so that the cup was dry.

She saw the cup shiver a bit. She bent over to it.

"Brrrr . . . Brrr . . ." it said. "I wish I could always be nice and dry and warm like the two candlesticks."

Debby took her dinner napkin and wiped the

cup inside and out. Then she saw her mother and brother looking at her.

"Debby," her mother said. "You just polished the cup yesterday. Don't wipe it at the table!" (Of course *they* hadn't heard the cup.)

It was Debby's job to help her mother get ready for the Sabbath. She had helped polish the candlesticks, wash the wine decanter and gotten the *chalah* cover ready. She knew the Sabbath things well. Perhaps that was why she could hear them talk, she thought. It was strange. The *yarmulke* was quiet. So was the *chalah* cover crumpled near the *chalah* her grandfather had just cut open. Only the candle-

sticks with their flames danced and the wine cup shivered.

She leaned over the cup as if to drink from it. Instead she whispered to it:

"I'll warm you up."

She picked up the cup and lifted it close to the candlestick flame. Her hand shook a bit and the cup was pushed almost into the flame.

Her grandfather was angry. "Debby! Respect the Sabbath candles!" he said.

She pulled back just in time. Just then she heard the cup say:

"That was a close call. I was almost burned!"

"Sorry . . ." she said to both the cup and her family sitting around the table. They all went back to eating and talking.

Debby took an extra *yarmulke* that had been resting on a chest and put it over the top of the cup.

She heard it say clearly: "Mm . . . that's nice. . . . I wish I could always be dry like this. . . ."

This time her father scolded her. Again she said she was sorry. She picked up the cup and put it to her mouth. She pretended to be drinking from it, but instead she whispered:

"What would you rather be than a wine cup?"

It took a minute, but then she heard clearly: "A dreidel, I think."

Debby got up and went to the china closet. She found a dreidel in the back of it, near the box of Chanuka candles. Her mother called to her to finish her supper, so she slipped the dreidel in her dress pocket and returned and ate her chicken leg. While her mother was clearing the dishes, she took the

dreidel out of her pocket and spun it on the tablecloth. Her grandfather gave her hard looks. She couldn't spin the *dreidel* well on a tablecloth, so she went into the kitchen, taking the wine cup and *dreidel* with her.

On the uncovered kitchen table, while everyone was waiting for dessert in the other room, she spun the *dreidel.* Turning the cup to its side, she tried to spin it like a *dreidel.* Then she turned it upside down and did the same. Around and around it went until it was off the table and on the floor with a loud clang!

"Ouch! Ouch!" she heard the cup say. Now it was bent from its fall.

"Stop that noise right away!" someone called.

Debby lifted the cup from the floor, wiped it with her napkin and looked at it. Now that it was hurt, she decided to put it and the *dreidel* back in the china closet. As she opened the glass door, she saw the large old Prayer Book resting on a shelf. It hadn't been used, as her grandfather knew the Kiddush by heart. She picked up the book and was about to make room for the wine cup and the *dreidel* when she heard the *Siddur* speak too. Things were becoming very mixed up!

"Let me out! Let me out!" it said. Debby took it from the closet and took it to the table.

"Maybe Sir Siddur can tell you what's best," she said to the cup, putting it on the table. She turned the pages slowly and then her finger rested on the page that said: "Kiddush for Sabbath."

Since Debby was attending Hebrew school, she decided to try to read it.

Boruch Atah Adonai Elohaynu Melech Haolam Boray pre hagafen, she read aloud.

She heard her father say from the next room: "Listen . . . Debby's reading Hebrew . . . shsh. . . ." She repeated the reading.

The cup was standing straight up on the table but it was shivering no more. This time, the *Siddur* seemed to be talking.

"Well done, Debby. You have blessed the wine cup and cured it of its unhappiness."

The wine cup said nothing. It shone in the light and was steady on the table, though it was bent at the rim where it had fallen.

The next morning when all the Sabbath things were back on the closet shelf, Debby came down for breakfast.

She saw her mother take the orange juice. There stood the decanter of wine next to it.

"Please don't keep the wine in the refrigerator, Mom," she said. "It doesn't like it."

"My, but you've learned a lot about wine since last night!" her mother replied with a twinkle in her eye.

Debby had to agree that she really had.

A story to be read while eating Hamantaschen

The Purim Orange

IT ALL happened many years ago, in 1900 exactly, in a village in Russia. Michael, a boy of nine lived with his mother and father and four younger sisters in a small hut with a thatched roof. The village had

no more than two hundred people. Many of them were cousins, uncles, aunts, grandparents and even a great-grandfather of Michael. Most of the people in the village Kholz, were very poor. The only time they saw cake was at a wedding. An apple or a pear was tasted only at a Bar Mitzvah, and it was only on Purim that they ate an orange. Someone might send one to Michael's house wrapped in a fresh white napkin together with a few chick peas, still warm from the oven and a cookie or two, baked by the sender.

One Purim, Michael opened the door of his house to answer the knock of an orphan boy who had been sent by one of his cousins to give the *shalach-manot.*

"Mother—come here—! Look what we've got!" Michael called out. His mother ran from her work and dug into a crock, where she found a penny to give to the little boy for his "delivery." Then she asked him to wait.

The whole family gathered around the rough wooden table where Michael's father undid the knot of the napkin.

"It's heavy," he said untying it. As the napkin fell away, there was a fruit. The girls said "Oooh!—" and Michael's father clucked his tongue against his teeth. His mother shook her head smiling. The girls and Michael stared at the biggest orange they had ever seen—perfectly round—like the earth.

"That orange is bigger than both my fists!" Michael said, making two fists and placing them together.

He started to reach out for the orange when his father stopped him.

"Michael—first we must say the prayer. . . ."

They were all quiet, ready to follow Michael's father in the blessing, when Michael's mother whispered something in his father's ear. His father nodded, and all waited until the prayer was said before answering "Amen!"

Before Michael could put out his hand to grab the orange, his mother took it off the table, saying, "Children, such a fine orange we must send to Uncle Noah, the butcher. He gave us a calf's foot to cook for the last Sabbath."

The girls made sounds of regret, but contented themselves with the chick peas and the raisins. His father ate the nuts, while his mother chewed on the cracker.

"Let me hold the orange for a minute!" Michael

begged. His mother gave it to him. He turned it, smelled it, and then, without thinking, he put it to his mouth and almost bit into it before his mother scolded him and took it away.

The Purim orange was again wrapped in a fresh white napkin, and together with two dried prunes and nuts, it went that afternoon as *shalach-manot* to Uncle Noah.

When Uncle Noah received his Purim offering, he was very pleased—especially with the great, perfectly round orange. He decided it was much too good for him to eat, so he wrapped it in a towel and sent it to his brother Saul, the tailor, for his kindness in making a new suit for Noah's son.

When the orphan boy knocked at Saul's door that afternoon, he was given three pennies for his trouble, and was told to wait. Inside, Saul's family opened the present from Noah, and seeing the orange, they undid their *shalach-manot* napkin which they had prepared for old Aunt Celia. To the apple, nuts and candy, they added the beautiful orange, and smiled at each other to think how pleased she would be to receive it.

When old Aunt Celia took the package from the boy sent by her nephew Saul, she quickly opened it. Tears rushed to her eyes when she saw the goodies —especially the orange. Her daughter, Lena was amazed, and was about to cut it in half so the two might share it, when Aunt Celia said,

"Such a fine *shalach-manot*—but this orange must go to Grandfather Wine. It will do him more good than us. He is as poor as the night! Oranges are good for strengthening old bones."

So Aunt Celia kept the apple, nuts and hard candy for herself and sent her daughter Lena to Grandfather Wine with their offering of chick peas, and raisins, to which she had added the orange.

It was almost dark when Grandfather Wine received the Purim present, and he kissed Lena on both cheeks for her kindness. She stayed for a few minutes to see that he had wood for his fire and soup in his bowl, and then she left.

The next morning, Grandfather Wine opened the napkin sent by Aunt Celia and was pleased to see such a generous gift. Then he thought, "My grandchildren would have a party with such an orange. I will send it to them."

So again the orange was wrapped—this time in a piece of old clean white bedsheet, and with a few nuts, it was on its way that morning to the thatched cottage of Grandfather Wine's son, Aaron.

When Michael opened the door and took the *shalach-manot* from the boy who knocked, the girls came running.

"Grandfather has sent us a present!" they called to their mother and father.

Again the family gathered around the table to see what goodies they were to have. Out rolled an orange.

"Another one!" Michael said when he saw it.

"Let's cut it into seven pieces and eat it!" his father said.

At last they would get to taste an orange! Michael wondered — how many perfectly round oranges were there in Kholz this Purim? He picked it up and looked at it carefully. Why, could it be

the *same* one as—? Yes, there it was—his own tooth-mark where he had tried to bite into it yesterday. He reached up to give it to his mother so that she could cut it into seven pieces. At last!

A story for Rosh Hashana—
The Jewish New Year

The Silver Dollar

IT WAS THE first day of the New Year. Jenny, her mother and father, and her brother Mark, were walking toward the bay. They had their prayer books with them. Some friends and neighbors who went to the same synagogue marched ahead. All were going to the bay to throw away the sins of the past year. Jenny wondered how it must feel if you had really done something wrong. Her brother Mark, who had been Bar Mitzvah just that year, looked very serious. He would be liable for any wrong he might have done, but Jenny, who was nine, felt carefree. Her mother and father were still responsible for her mistakes. In her new patent shoes, she skipped and ran, without worries.

Her friend Charlotte waited up ahead and came close to her.

"Have you ever been to *Tashlich* before?" she asked Jenny.

"No" came the reply. "I used to see my grandfather go. I thought it was only for old people," she added, remembering how her grandfather and the other men from the synagogue would walk together.

The girls and their families went along, stopping sometimes to look into a store window. Jenny saw people standing in doorways watching them pass in their holiday best. They would think it very strange if they knew where they were going and why, she thought.

Soon they could smell the water of the bay and the grass in the park near it. They could see ships. Her brother Mark called them "tugs." There was one large boat, but it was far away.

"We must get alongside the water," her father said. They were all quiet now. Jenny saw other people up ahead dressed up in fine clothes for the New

Year. She could see that many Jewish people had come to visit the bay for *Tashlich* that afternoon.

Soon they were on the paved walk near the rocks. The water lapped the rocky shore. Charlotte's mother and father, and Jenny's parents stood together at the edge of the group, while the children stood behind. Jenny was tired. She started to sit down on the edge of the pavement, but her father motioned for her to stand up.

"Turn your pockets inside out when you hear us say *Tashlich* . . ." Jenny's father said to Mark. Jenny and Charlotte decided to do it too. It sounded like a game.

The girls looked into their mothers' books and read the prayer silently in English. When her father said *Tashlich* and Mark turned out his pocket, some dust floated into the water. Jenny dug her hand into the pocket of her pink coat, moved closer to the water's edge, and pulled the lining out. Suddenly, she saw something flash and fall. She heard a *clink* on the rocks and then a *plunk* in the water.

Charlotte looked at her, amazed.

"Say—what did you do—throw some money into the water?" she whispered.

Jenny stopped to think. She had felt a big piece of metal in her coat pocket as she dug down, but what could it have been? The girls both looked down into the moving water of the bay while the mothers and fathers kept reading the prayer book aloud.

"I haven't worn this coat since Spring" Jenny said.

"What was it you threw away—a piece of jewelry? I saw something shine!"

Then Jenny remembered. Her Uncle Jack had visited from California at Passover and had given her a silver dollar. She had worn the same pink coat she was wearing now when they went to the airport to say goodbye.

"I think it was a silver dollar I threw away . . ." she said, and bit her lip.

Charlotte's big brown eyes gave a long look at Jenny's face.

"I won't tell . . ." she whispered.

Jenny looked away and saw a small crowd of children and grownups looking at them. She wished the *Tashlich* was over so they could leave. In a few moments the two girls were walking away from the bay, their parents close behind.

Jenny was thinking about the silver dollar. She was sorry she had thrown it away by mistake, but she hadn't known she had it. She was about to speak about it, when Charlotte said:

"Say—was that the silver dollar you thought you'd lost?"

Jenny told her it was.

"Then Josie Ramirez didn't take it after all—did she?"

Jenny's cheeks reddened to be reminded of the day last Spring in school when she had told her teacher she thought Josie, a poor Spanish girl, had taken her silver dollar. She was angry with Charlotte for reminding her.

"I must have changed coats the afternoon I went to the airport," Jenny said.

"What are you going to do?" Charlotte asked.

Jenny thought for a minute. "I guess I've got

to tell Josie I'm sorry I said I thought she took my silver dollar."

Jenny liked the way this New Year was beginning. She felt better now that she had spoken and raced Charlotte across the bridge on the way home, even though her new shoes hurt.

A boy and a man try some science for that popular Jewish holiday of light

Uncle Ed, Chanukah "Inventor"

WHEN MY MOTHER told me my uncle Ed was inventing something for Chanukah, I wasn't surprised. Though he was a tailor and owned a dry cleaning store, he spent much time thinking up "inventions" that would make things easier for people. I liked to go and watch him work at home in his basement, and I wished I too could invent.

Uncle Ed had already tried to make a clothesline that rang a bell when it started to rain. Since he hated to take out a heavy load of kitchen garbage for my aunt, he had made a can crusher. It looked like a big pencil sharpener and would crush all kinds of empty food cans. The last thing he had worked on was a mold that would make plastic yarmulkas in a few minutes, but I saw only one sticky skullcap come out. Uncle Ed said he was going to work further on it, but since Chanukah was only a few weeks

away, he had started on an eight-day light. My mother and father went to visit him one Saturday night, so I went along and straight down to Uncle Ed's basement to watch him work.

He was wearing his heavy glasses and was standing over the work table. He nodded to me but said nothing. He had a battery cell and some tiny bulbs. I asked him what he was trying to do.

I'm going to make a Chanukah menorah that you turn on the first night and that lasts exactly eight days—no more no less . . ." he answered.

"What about those electric ones?" I asked. We

used orange candles at our house, but I had seen electric menorahs at my friends' homes.

"No good, Paul." You've got to turn them on each night."

Uncle Ed explained: "I'd like to make it the way it really happened. The Maccabees found a light that kept burning for eight days, without a stop."

I thought of the candles I had seen at a birthday party. Those relit when they were blown out. I told it to Uncle Ed. He smiled.

"I think they're made with gunpowder. It would be too heavy, and not safe at all."

He went back to fussing with the wires, bulbs and battery on his work table. As I watched him I thought back to the story of Judah Maccabee. What *was* the light they found in the Temple after they won the battle? Just as the bulb glowed on Uncle Ed's table, it flashed on in my mind: *Oil!* That's what was needed!

"Uncle Ed," I puffed, "In the story of Chanukah, the Maccabees had the light last eight days. Why don't you do it the way they did?"

Uncle Ed stopped and smiled. "You're a pretty smart kid, so tell me how they did it. I don't mind a little help."

"Well, when they won the war against the Syrians and came into the Temple, they found a jar of oil. There was only a little left—enough for one day, but it really burned for eight days. Why don't you use oil? Maybe you could find the exact measure to last eight days."

Uncle Ed stared at me. He took off his glasses

and thought. "Say—that's a pretty good idea, Paul. I think I *will* try it."

I was sent upstairs to get my aunt's jar of cooking oil. After measuring it Uncle Ed poured some into an empty tomato juice can. Together, he and I made a wick of a piece of cord which we hung across the can in a twisted piece of wire. Just as he was about to light it, I was called to go home. I wanted to stay and see Uncle Ed time the burning of the oil flame. It was fun!

"Let me take it home, Uncle Ed," I said. "I can watch it for you. You have a store to run. I have more time and when I'm at school my mother can keep an eye on it."

Usually, Uncle Ed was serious and quiet. I never

spoke up to him this way. He surprised me by saying, "Two heads are better than one. If you promise to be very careful with it, I'll let you have it, and you'll let me know the results." He poured the oil into a jar with a cover, and put a label on it, on which he wrote "Chanukah Invention."

As I got into the car to go home, I held the package close. I was glad I knew what really happened two thousand years ago. It seemed I was much like Uncle Ed—my mother's brother. Everyone else was going to light a new candle each of the eight nights of Chanukah, and I would have to do it too, but I might have a long-burning oil flame too, just like the Maccabees. Who could tell how much oil it would take? Maybe, like in ancient times, one day's oil would be enough for all the eight?

An American story about Passover

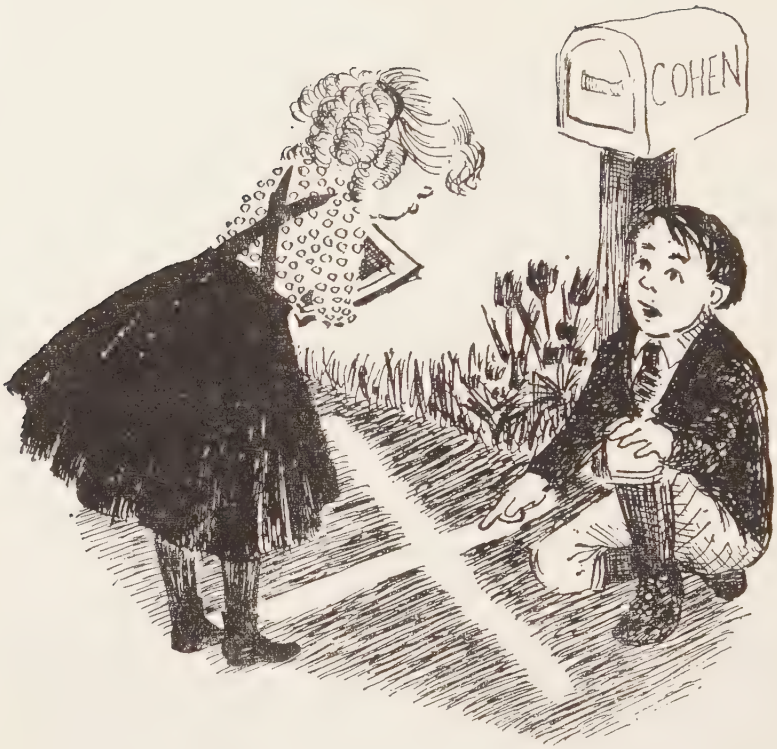
"X" Marks the House

WHEN ROSE COHEN came home from school one day in Oklahoma City and saw a large "X" marked in chalk on her curbstone, she thought nothing of it. But Jason, the boy next door, made a fuss. It was then that she wished her mother and father would be like other people and not "different" the way they were.

Jason said: "They've gone and X'd your house!"

"Who?" Rose asked. She really didn't know. She stared at the red clay dust that covered the new shoes she had worn to school.

"Mexicans and Indians, Rose . . . that's who," Jason said. "When they travel this part of the country they mark the place where people give them something. It's a sign to the others of their kind that it's a place to stop. I see your folks are entertaining them today. Mine never do! They don't believe in it!"



Rose didn't see anything different about her house but the "X" on the curbstone, but she went inside to see if Jason was right. She went through the parlor and into the kitchen. There were pots on the stove, but no one was near them. Then she saw her mother on the back porch. Jason was right. In her holiday dress and a new apron, Mrs. Cohen was setting bowls of soup before three people. Rose could smell cabbage and potatoes and she was surprised to see a piece of matzo at each plate. The guests had dark black hair and skin the color of wrapping paper. Their clothes looked old and dirty. One wore an

old felt hat. They were Indians. Rose was angry and ashamed.

She nodded at her mother and then went out to the backyard. She sat in the hammock swinging and thinking for some time. She saw the Indians go out the side door and into a horse-drawn wagon standing on the grass. Soon after she heard her father come home in his noisy Ford. She went back in the house through the front door and waited to be called for supper.

When she came down later she smelled her favorite potato pancakes, but it didn't cheer her. The first flowers from the garden were in a vase on the table but still she said nothing. At last her father said:

"Rose, where's your 'hello?' Something's wrong?"

She saw her face in the mirror of the china closet opposite. She shook her blond curls and spoke out:

"Daddy—Mommy had a whole bunch of Indians here today! Do we have to take them in? No one else does! Everyone's going to tease me!"

Her mother and father looked at each other, but said nothing.

"Mommy, do you know they marked an "X" in front of our house! There'll be lots of others coming, Jason says!"

All Mrs. Cohen said was, "Ben—talk to her" as she looked at her husband.

Rose's father said nothing, but instead, went to the china closet and took out a little book. He turned a few pages and spoke as he picked up a piece of matzo from the dish before him:

"Behold this bread! It is like the bread which our forefathers ate in the land of Egypt. All who are hungry—let them come and eat. All who are needy—let them come and celebrate with us the Passover . . ."

Rose listened as her father read.

Her mother said: "You must always ask why—just as you asked the four questions at the Seder. But you must hear the answers too." She placed pancakes at Rose's place and sat down beside her.

Her father explained that the Indians marking their house with an "X" was not such a bad thing—it might even be an honor. In Egypt, the houses were marked to show that it was a Jewish home, and that the oldest boy would not be taken away by the plague. So that was the reason that night "was different from all other nights," thought Rose, as she remem-

bered the Seder she had had with her cousins a few nights before.

"You'll have many Passovers to think about it, Rose," her father said. "Eat your supper."

She turned to her food and thought that by then the Indians might have reached another home like hers where they were marking an "X".

It wasn't easy to be a Jew in Oklahoma, Rose decided, but she'd try, just as her mother and father had.

A story for Tu B'Shevat: Jewish Arbor Day

Up in David's Tree

IT WAS TURNING dark but David was still sitting up in his tree. He had been there most of the afternoon.

"Da-vid!" he heard his mother call. He did not answer. Let them try to make him come down. He was going to stay up there. He felt like crying but instead he chewed at a twig and looked up at the sky turning deep blue. He didn't want to move to the city. He liked it where he was—in Plainsville—where his father had planted this tree when David was born; where he had friends and a backyard. They didn't even ask him. They just told him they were moving, and that was that.

He saw a light go on in the next street. Then he heard a voice from below. There was his grandmother's white hair and glasses looking up at him.

"Davidel, please . . . Mommy is ready with supper. Come down to Grandma."

"No, I won't!" David said, determined.

"Be a good boy! Tomorrow you'll move to a nice place in the city, near me, and near your cousins. You'll play and have lots of good times."

But all David would say was: "Grandma I'll come down if Dad promises to take this tree to the city. I bet he can *so* do it. I saw a tree doctor fix this one up when it was sick. I know they can take it from here and plant it there!"

His grandmother listened but said nothing. Then she turned and went back in the house.

Next his big sister Sara came out.

"David, Larry just called up. He wants you to give back his Cub Scout knife, right away. He'll be at school tomorrow morning when we move."

The word "move" made David want to cry again.

Finally, David's father came over to the tree.

"I'm not talking to you, Dad!" David shouted down.

"David, I'm getting you that new bike—the racer you wanted!" he said.

David couldn't make up his mind which he wanted more: a new racer bike or taking *his* tree with him, so he didn't answer.

His father was getting angry. He said: "We're going to live in an apartment. There's just no place to plant a tree—especially one that's almost as old as you are—nine years! It's too big. It'll die. There are lots of nice parks full of trees where we're going."

"But Jimmy says the city parks have "keep off" signs on everything!" David thought about his little wooden saddle on the branch where he was sitting, and the ship's wheel his father made for him a little lower down where he played at being a sailor. Many times he would climb to the top of the tree and look everywhere with his field glasses.

"No—no—I'm not coming down" he said. Then he began to cry so they could hear him—his sister, mother, father and grandmother.

Soon he heard footsteps in the house, and then the sound of a chair on cement. His grandmother had sat down on the patio nearby. Then David heard her say:

"David, how would you like to have a whole forest instead of one tree?"

David's grandmother always had a funny twinkle in her eyes. She could tease people, David thought.

"Grandma, nobody owns a forest. You're just trying to get me to come down."

"Yes, David, somebody does. I own a forest and if you want, I'll give it to you."

David was surprised. He never saw anything but a big rubber plant in his grandmother's house in the city.

"Where is your forest?" he asked anyway.

"Well, David, you remember when I went away to Israel last year? I planted a tree especially for you—also one for Sara. Through the years, someone else planted other trees for me before I could come to do it myself. I have certificates showing that there are about two dozen trees, and they've grown taller than this one!"

David was interested. "What kind of trees are they? Are they maple, like mine?" He slapped the bark under him.

"Seymour, I think," came the answer.

"Sycamore, Grandma," David said. He knew. Wasn't he going to be a Forest Ranger?

She continued: "With two dozen trees you can have a forest by the time you're big. I'll plant more when you'll be Bar Mitzvah; some when you get married; and some when you have a family. . . ." She started to laugh.

David heard her but it didn't seem funny to him. Why, he could see himself a rich man, with a forest, just like in the movies.

"Will it really be all mine?" he asked.

"Well, the trees belong to you but when they grow tall, they'll belong to Israel. When you go there some day, I'm sure they'll let you climb them all!"

David didn't wait much longer. A whole forest!

He smelled hot dogs cooking in the kitchen. The smell came straight up to him in the tree. He swung his legs around, and with a few quick slides and holds he was down on the ground.

"Okay, Grandma!" he called. Don't forget about the forest you promised!"

As David ran into the house he heard the sound of the evening wind in his tree mingling with his grandmother's laugh.

A story for Shevuot about children and their parents

The Answer

A HUNDRED YEARS ago, boys in the "old country" went to school in a one-room schoolhouse. Sometimes there was only a class of one boy and a teacher. Jacob was such a boy and the Yehudi was his teacher.

Together they would read the Talmud and the Yehudi would explain the meaning of the passages. Sometimes the explanations were hard to understand. The teacher would close his eyes and think about it for a long time. This gave Jacob a chance to look out of the window or tiptoe outside into the sunlight and throw pebbles at the pigeons until his teacher was ready.

One day Jacob and the Yehudi were studying together when they came upon a very hard passage. The teacher closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Jacob could see that he was settling down for a long time to think over the answer. Jacob, who had not had time to eat before he came to school that morn-

ing, was hungry. He was a good runner, so he tiptoed out of the school room and ran home quickly. He hurried into the kitchen and saw that no one was there, though fresh bread was cooling on the table. He sat down to catch his breath and then cut a piece of bread which he ate quickly as he drank a cup of goat's milk. He could hear the sound of the sewing machine in the next room where his sister Ella sat making clothes for a rich lady in town.

He wanted to be sure to be back at his schoolroom before the Yehudi awoke, so he started to run out of the house. His mother, who was in the field, must have seen him come into the house. Just then she called:

"Jacob—please go up to the hayloft and bring down a bundle of hay. It's too heavy for me!"

But Jacob could only say as he ran, "Sorry, I can't, I'll be late!"

With the food in his stomach to give him strength, he ran faster than ever, but even then when he arrived at the schoolroom, the Yehudi was awake.

"So you left the room while I was thinking!" he said angrily.

"I was hungry," said Jacob. "I came back as fast as I could. Why my mother even called to me to take down a heavy bundle from the hayloft, but I refused, for it would have made me late!"

The Yehudi's face changed from anger to smiles.

"Pupil," he said, ". . . Just now you have made clear the meaning of the passage we were reading. Until now I could not explain it."

Jacob was surprised to see him close the book and take him by the hand.

"The purpose of learning is *doing*," he said. "Come let us both go back to your house and take down the hay for your mother."

So together they left the schoolroom to honor the parent and the Talmud too.

A story about "thanks-giving" for small favors

The Holiday Angel

MANY YEARS AGO in the land of Galilee when Israel was called "Palestine," people came to know of the good deeds of an angel they called Ari-Ben-Yehuda—Lion of Judah.

Since it was not proper for Jews to ask for some personal gift or unimportant thing and expect to have a wish granted, it became known that the angel Ari was helpful only at holiday times.

Even then, people would have to pray for something that was necessary to celebrate the special day.

There was only one trouble. The Angel Ari was a little *deaf*.

Though a person might open his prayer with a loud "Shema Yisroel," he could not be sure he would always be heard correctly. Once a woman prayed for a bottle of wine to make the Passover Seder. Instead a bag of *fruit* arrived—and on *Lag B'Omer!* A child called with all his might for a *gold* coin for

Chanukah. Instead, he got a *bag of coal!* Nevertheless, of one thing the people of Galilee were sure. The Angel Ari had a list of all those who lived in every house in Galilee, and each person would get something for one of the holidays that took place during the year.

One day, as Angel Ari was dozing on his cloud, he heard a loud call from a pious man—Dov ben-David. The voice shook the heavens and caused a small flash of lightning. Ari listened carefully. All he could make out was: "Please send two Shabbat candles to Dov ben-David's *mouse.*" Of course, Dov had said, "house!"

Since Ari was not sure where Dov ben-David lived, he looked up the name in his Great Yom Kippur Book. There, written plainly was a Dov ben-David who lived in Safed. It was written that Dov was very poor and that under the floor of his kitchen there also lived a mouse. The name was in the book—Mendel—a pious mouse who never disturbed the Sabbath.

Now Ari was puzzled. He usually sent crumbs for a poor mouse like Mendel, but it seemed to him that he had clearly heard "candles." Ari therefore sent a *dozen* candles to Mendel for good measure.

When Mendel the Mouse received the package, he was overjoyed. "Twelve candles is too much for one mouse," he said. "I must share them with someone! I believe Jews also use candles so I will give two to my host, Dov ben-David."

That night, Mendel the mouse placed two candles on the kitchen table while Ari slept.

On the morning of the Sabbath Eve, Dov ben-David awoke in his cold house. He ran to light a fire in the stove, but he felt a strange warmth coming from the kitchen table. He looked, and there on the table he found two candles, just what he had asked for in his prayer. He stopped and said another one—this time a thanksgiving prayer for the holiday angel, Ari. Hiding behind the stove, Mendel the mouse watched and waited all day to see what Dov would do with the candles.

When it grew dark, Mendel saw Dov place the candles in a dish, light their bottoms to melt them a little so they would stand upright. Then he lit the

wick of each candle until they burned brighter. With his eyes closed, he blessed them.

Mendel was amazed. To himself he said:

"Strange people these Jews. They do not *eat* the candles as I do. They burn them—and they are very poor. Yet they are happy! Indeed they are strange!"

As he spoke, many candles were lit in the houses of Safed. Still puzzled, Mendel the mouse sat behind the stove and chewed one of his candles for his supper.

OVER OCEANS TO ISRAEL

Over Oceans to Israel

Like a ballet dancer's tiptoe,
from Eilat to Galilee,
Shapes this Jewish nation far across the sea.
They come from fifty countries on foot, by
plane and boat
To live in peace and labor and to redeem
man's hope.

There are times when it's important to be "first"

The First Furrow

THOUGH NOAH HAD been happy a few days earlier when he and his family arrived in a new part of Israel, near the northern border, now he was sad. He was only nine, but he had worked just as hard as the older boys in helping to set up the camp tents that would soon be their new home. Noah was sad because the honor of being the first to dig into the new soil would go to the older boys on the tractors —like his brother Joseph. They would get to use the new tractors that were to arrive today. Noah would not be part of this great event. He was too small.

From the first day, Joseph had said goodbye each morning and had gone with the other boys and men to a nearby town to learn how to use the machines. Noah wished he could do the same. Anyway, why couldn't the earth be turned by hand?

"Come . . . we're all going in the wagon to pick up the tractors from town," said Noah's mother.

"Now we'll be able to plant potatoes and fruit trees," said his father.

They dressed in the clean but creased clothes they took out of laundry bags, and together the forty new settlers piled into two wagons.

Everyone but Noah started to sing. Noah's mother noticed Noah looking back at the tents where Ari waved to them. Ari was one of the men who had been left behind to guard the camp.

"Don't you feel well?" she asked. "Is it the new water? The taste is not so sweet as the water we had before, but it shouldn't upset you."

Noah told his mother he was not sick, and kept watching the wheel of the wagon as he bent over the side. It made him think of the tractor again.

After a few minutes, Noah heard a dull crack, and the wagon wheel slid off from the axle. As everyone was pushed to one side, there was laughing and calling—"Whoa! Whoa!" Mothers and fathers and boys and girls tumbled or were dumped over the side, while the horse stamped his feet as the driver up front drew him to a halt. Usually Noah would have joined in the fun, with the others, but he was in no mood for it.

The men were looking at the broken wheel and talking over how to fix it. The other wagon had gone on far ahead. The mothers and children dusted themselves off and looked for a shady tree where they could watch the repair, but Noah suddenly came to a decision. Without being seen, he turned back to the camp, running first through the field and then on to the road with the flag of Israel atop a tent in the distance as his goal. He wasn't sure why he was

turning back. He only knew he didn't want to see his brother Joseph and the other boys be the first to drive the tractors.

When he got back to camp, he decided not to go into the large tent they shared with two other families. Instead, he went into the small one at the end of the field, where seed and tools were stored. Noah looked at the field and decided to be the one to dig the first furrow after all.

Just then, Ari, the guard, saw him. Ari had a gun in a holster tied around his waist. Noah had never seen any of the fathers look so surprised.

"What are you doing here?" asked Ari.

Thinking quickly, Noah answered, "I wasn't feeling well riding in the wagon so I was allowed to come back."

Ari told Noah that his little girl, Tanya, often felt the same when she rode, and invited Noah to help him with the building of a shed when he felt better.

"I think I'll go into the tent and lie down," Noah said, but instead he sat down under a bush, and then returned to the small tent at the edge of the field.

There he picked up a spade and a fork, and taking off his shirt, as he had seen the men do, he began to dig. As the fork went down into the dirt, Noah smiled and began to hum a song, watching a worm come up with the next fork.

Meanwhile, back at the wagon, the wheel was fixed. Everyone climbed into the wagon and was ready to continue the trip to town. Joseph noticed that Noah was missing.

"Where is Noah?" he asked his father. No one

seemed to remember seeing Noah for the last half hour. Joseph got out of the wagon with a friend and they looked for Noah in the bushes and among trees.

"He likes to climb trees," Joseph said, hoping to find him playing hide-and-seek in one of them. Then they began to call "Noah! Noah!" But there was no answer.

Noah's mother offered an explanation. "I don't think he was feeling well," she said. "Perhaps he went back to camp. But I wish he had said something."

It was decided that the rest would go on to town to pick up seed and the tractors. Then Noah's father himself would take the wagon and turn back to camp.

"I don't like to think of Noah wandering around here by himself," said Joseph. "We are near the enemy border," he whispered to his friend.

Noah had been working hard at the settlement. By afternoon, he had dug furrows six inches deep, and one that ran the width of the entire field. He felt proud as he looked it over.

Where they had lived before, he had had a small *gan* at the side of their house, and he had helped his father pull the weeds. But during the summer when he had visited a kibbutz, he had often seen men working the soil. Now he saw that he had learned by watching them.

Noah felt hungry and as he turned to go to his family's tent to get some food, he saw black dots in the distance and heard a put-put-put noise.

They were coming back! Most of the fathers, mothers and children were riding on the sides and tops of the noisy tractors ahead of the horse and wagon. The sun shone down on shiny steel, and the settlers sang and yelled above the noise of the engines. Noah was proud. It felt like a holiday parade. He watched them all until they came around to the field. His brother Joseph jumped off the first tractor, and ran over.

"Noah! Noah! He's here!" he called.

"Dad is in the wagon. We were worried. Why did you come back—?"

Then he saw the furrow running the width of the field and began to laugh.

"So you wanted to be *the first!*" he said to his brother.

Noah nodded, and as his mother ran over to him the others crowded around bending down to the earth and looking at the furrow.

"Let's make Noah's furrow the beginning of the

children's *gan*," said one tractor driver. "Let's get to work. Haydad for Noah!" they shouted. Noah's mother gave him a big hug.

Noah winked at her, proud that he was *first*, while Joseph drove the tractor to the field and got to work on the second furrow.

It takes courage for a boy to enforce the law

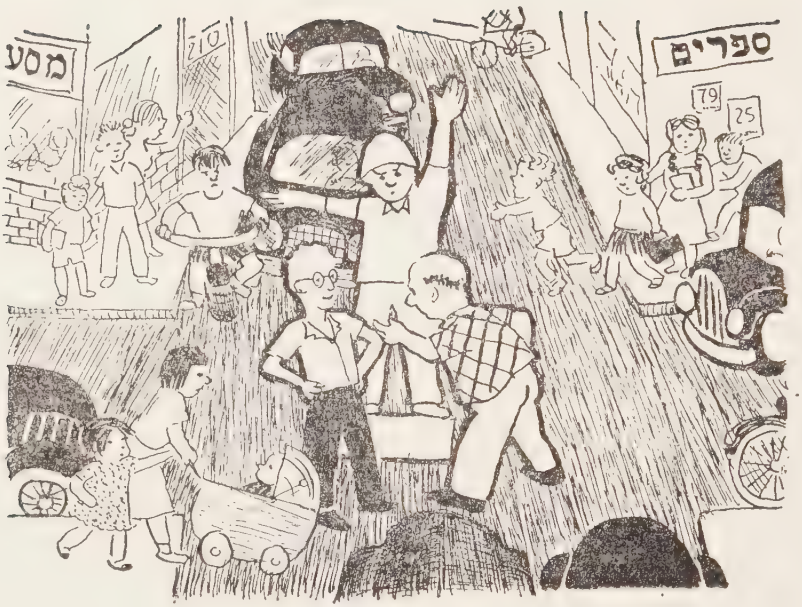
The Rule of the Road

GIDON, WHO WAS twelve years old, was the youngest traffic cop in Jerusalem. With ten other boys of his class, he was chosen to direct autos and help people cross the street. He was a traffic cop in the morning before going to school and when it was over, again in the late afternoon.

It was not easy to get grown-ups to do as he said, even though Gidon wore a white arm band on his sleeve and carried a police card showing he was a helping policeman. If drivers did not listen, he would jot down their numbers on a pad he held in his hand. His hands went up to tell them to "stop" or "go." But still it was hard to make people obey.

One day a man met his friend in the middle of the road. He stopped to greet him and talk near Gidon's "station."

Gidon said: "Please move on. You're stopping traffic."



The men paid no attention.

Children from school were crossing the street and the men were in the way.

Again Gidon said: "You *must* leave the road. Please, Sirs!"

One man looked angry. He put out his hand and gave Gidon a sharp pinch on the arm!

"I am forty-eight years old" he said. "Don't tell me how to behave!" Then he went back to his place in the middle of the road and continued talking.

Gidon saw Zvi, a tall boy of fourteen who wore a policeman's cap. He was the "corporal." Gidon put up three fingers of his left hand, a signal the boys had. Zvi came over. He said he had seen what had happened. The two men were so busy talking they did not hear Zvi and Gidon agree to call in a regular policeman.

Zvi went away for a few minutes. Meanwhile Gidon helped a mother with a baby in her arms cross the street. Zvi returned with a policeman wearing a white helmet and a badge. He looked at Gidon, nodded, and said to the men in the road:

"You'll have to come with me to the police station."

The men were surprised and tried to offer an excuse.

The policeman nodded for Gidon to come along while Zvi took Gidon's place.

When they got to the police station, the men tried to talk with the policeman.

"Tell it to the officer inside," they were told.

Gidon felt frightened. What if he had been wrong? It had not been easy to stand on the street on some of the cold days that past winter. It was not going to be pleasant this summer to stand in the road under the sun in the days of the *hamsin*, the hot wind from the desert. However, he still wanted to be a traffic cop next year.

The officer at a high desk with the Star of David behind it asked to hear the "case." The policeman spoke, and both men added their stories. Then it was Gidon's turn.

"I was only doing my duty," he said. "He blocked the road and wouldn't go. He pinched me for telling him to obey."

The officer banged his desk with a wooden gavel, and said to the men:

"You were wrong not to obey the rule of traffic! It does not matter that a boy tells you! You must pay the fine!"

As he got up from his seat and the policeman went over to the men to collect the fine, the officer spoke to Gidon:

"You were right to do as you did. Keep up the good work! Your reward will be a bus trip with the regular policemen to the Negev on Lag B'Omer week."

As Gidon left the police station to return to his post, he saw some boys and girls sitting on the curb, looking idle and bored. Suddenly he felt proud to be serving the city of Jerusalem in the middle of traffic where he was needed.

You can never really tell
who is going to win!

Donkey Day and the Four D's

TWO GIRLS, Dahlia and Dina, lived on a kibbutz in Israel.

They were in the fourth class at the Kibbutz School. Dan and David were in the same class. Because their names began with "D," the four became friends.

"There go the four D's," people would say.

They were together in and out of school. They were different to look at—David tall with black hair, Dan short with corn color hair. Dahlia and Dina looked like sisters. They both had blue eyes and long blond braids.

The four had the same pets—donkeys.

"Next Monday is Sports Day," their teacher announced one morning.

"Could we have a daredevil donkey race?" asked David.

"My donkey Peziza can run faster than yours!" said Dahlia.

"Afurtshik, my donkey, is the best!" Dina said.

"Yotma can beat the others!" said David.

Dan said nothing about Hamora, his donkey. He was not sure if his donkey would run at all.

Sports Day would be a good time for a race, so Dahlia, Dina and David practiced each day after school. They rode their donkeys up and down the orchard. Dan did not race Hamora. He would sit on her and let the animal take him wherever she wanted to go.

Soon the day came. The race began. The children shouted "Haydad! Haydad!"

The four D's took their places on top of the donkeys. David, Dahlia and Dina talked to their pets.

"Steady! Ready! Go!" the teacher called. They were off!

The four D's pushed their legs against the donkeys to make them run fast.

Fifty yards from the starting line, David's donkey Yotma became thirsty. Yotma ran straight to the giant water tank and stopped. He drank and drank!

Then Peziza, Dahlia's donkey, smelled the bananas on the low banana trees. She ran over to one and chewed off a banana and began to eat it!

Dina's donkey, Afurtshik, was running well when she decided to bend down on her front legs and "pray."

The children called "Get up! On with the race! Go! Go!"

The donkeys paid no attention. They drank, ate or "prayed."

Only Dan, sitting on Hamora, rode on. Hamora walked slowly. She did not stop at the end of the path. She turned and went back to the starting line, up to the teacher's table. She sniffed the tablecloth and from under it picked up a bunch of carrots in her teeth.

"That is the donkey prize!" said the teacher, laughing.

All the children clapped.

"The prize for the best rider is this!" said the teacher, handing Dan a box in which there were two white pigeons.

Dan and Hamora took the carrots and the pigeons. Proudly they rode away to the stable. The class and the other three D's cheered them.

In a time of war, metal like brass can prove its worth

The Lucky Shoe Shine Box

SAADYA, THE shoe shine boy, was happy as he ran down the street to the bus station at Tel Aviv. He looked at the tenth birthday present he had bought for himself. There it was—a brass plate he had nailed all over his wooden shoe shine box strapped on his shoulder. It gleamed in the sunlight, as it swung from the strap on his shoulder.

To buy it he had saved the coins his mother had given back to him from the money he had earned to help his family. It had taken him a whole year. His mother had been angry when she saw the brass plate. She had said:

"You need new shoes and trousers instead! Decorating a box! That's foolish."

He would show her that he could earn more money for the family with this new box. Clothes would come

later. The boys at the bus station had told him a shiny box would bring more customers. Today there were not many dusty shoes and the buses that came were not full. Feet seemed to walk away faster than ever. Saadya called as people passed "Good shine!"

"Have a shine!" Louder and louder he called, but at the end of the day he had done only nine pairs of shoes. He was sad as he went home to Jaffa where he lived.

Saadya's mother saw that he was not happy, and when he took the money from his pocket to give to her, she said:

"Keep it for yourself and buy a sweet and some handkerchiefs." Then she added: "Please don't spend it on the box."

Saadya only answered: "All the money I have earned came to me with the help of my box. It is a good friend and I want it to look nice."

He put it in a corner, ate his supper and went to sleep."

That night the Arabs began firing on Jaffa. Police came with armed cars to take all the people from the war zone to safe places inside Tel Aviv. Children were half-asleep and were carried from their homes. When Saadya woke up, he was with his mother inside a dark bus.

"What happened?" he asked.

"The Arabs attacked," his mother answered in tears. Our street is in flames. We are going to a safe place."

Saadya looked around at the car full of sleeping children and parents, his baby brother and his sister in blankets near his mother. Then he saw that something was missing. His brass-plated shoe shine box! He had left it! He couldn't let it burn with the house —he must save it!

Saadya jumped from the bus and ran toward the house while his mother called for him to come back. The police sergeant shouted:

"Boy—beware—Stand back!" But Saadya paid no attention, and ran as fast as he could. He slipped into the house just as he heard bullets being fired around it. He grabbed the box from near his bed, flung it over his back and ran out. He ran for the bus while bullets zoomed near his ears.

Bang! A bullet hit. Saadya fell down.

The people in the bus screamed and shouted. His mother began to cry. They thought he had been killed. Then they saw Saadya get up and crawl toward the bus. The next moment he was helped into it.

Inside, as they rode, people were asking, "What

happened? We saw how you were hit by a bullet."

But Saadya said: "No, I was only pushed from behind. No bullet hit me."

Then his eyes fell on his shoe shine box and he said excitedly:

"Look, there's a hole in my box. I was hit by a bullet but the brass plate must have stopped it. My lucky shoe shine box! It saved my life!"

Saadya and his family finally got to Tel Aviv where they stayed during the War of Independence. From that night on, the brass-plated shoe shine box with the bullet-hole in it was always busy, proving to its owner, Saadya, that it was a lucky and loyal friend. Even his mother agreed.

What does make an animal run wild? Perhaps this one had a reason

Why the Bull Ran

ELI'S FRIENDS were putting up lanterns in the field beyond the barn. It was his ninth birthday and they were getting ready for a party that night. Eli had gone to the children's house to get a box of decorations. Every boy and girl in the kibbutz was to go to Eli's party as well as some mothers and fathers. The *raftan*—the cattleman, in the barn where Eli helped after his lessons each day, was also invited.

Jerry, Eli's best friend, was placing palm leaves and flowers on the table when he heard a loud bellow from the barn.

"I wonder what that young bull wants," the *raftan* said. "He's been restless all day."

"Maybe he'd like to come to the party too," Jerry said.

Before they could laugh about it, the bull had broken out of his pen. He charged across the meadow

and rammed right into the long table. In a second it turned over, leaves and all.

Next he pushed over the pole that held the lanterns. He snorted and shook his head in anger. Two of the boys fell on the ground in a shower of colored paper. For a moment even the bull seemed surprised. Then he ran over to the benches and knocked them over with his horns stamping the ground.

"Pass me a rope! I'll get him," said the *raftan.* "Whoa!" he called.

But the bull was too fast. He ran with a loud

beat of hoofs in the direction of the children's nursery.

Jerry ran to the barn to get a rope. The *raftan* looked around and began pulling away the lanterns from one of the fallen poles. He must stop the bull with something.

Meanwhile, Eli was walking toward the meadow carrying his box.

From afar he saw the bull running and boys and girls chasing after him.

Eli thought fast:

"If only I could stop that bull." Shall I run back to the children's house? If I throw the carton at the bull, maybe he will stop."

As the bull came closer to Eli, he slowed down. Then remembered something. He held his breath, put out his hand, and with a quick move he grabbed the bull's nose ring.

The bull was tired now and breathing hard. Though he was afraid, Eli stroked his nose. Then he walked him toward the barn just as the *raftan* and the others caught up.

They looked at Eli proudly.

"It's a good thing you remembered a bull is led by his nose ring," the *raftan* said. "If you had swung up and missed or tried to catch him another way, the bull might have hurt you."

"Good work," the parents said. "If you hadn't stopped him in time he would have gone on to frighten the little children."

They led the bull back to his pen where he was tied by the *raftan*. Word was sent to the other children and parents that the bull had broken out and

torn down the party decorations. That afternoon, many willing hands were in the meadow helping put everything back in order. In a short time the job was done.

Just as it was planned, Eli's birthday party was held that evening. First the younger boys and girls marched in with baskets of fruit and candy to give to Eli. But when they went up to the table, Eli wasn't there. Neither was he sitting on the grass in a circle with the others.

"Where is Eli?" Jerry asked.

Just then Eli marched in at the end of the line. He was pulling the bull by his nose ring.

"Look at *him!*" the children said. There was the bull, with his horns painted gold, and on his neck a wreath of flowers.

"Say, I looked at the tags over at the barn," he said to his mother, smiling. "This bull was born

on my birthday—one year ago today! That's why he ran!"

Eli led the bull beyond the table to a strong tree where he tied him and everyone shouted "Happy Birthday!" to both of them.

Sometimes it's harder to
fight fear than a real enemy

David's Shadows

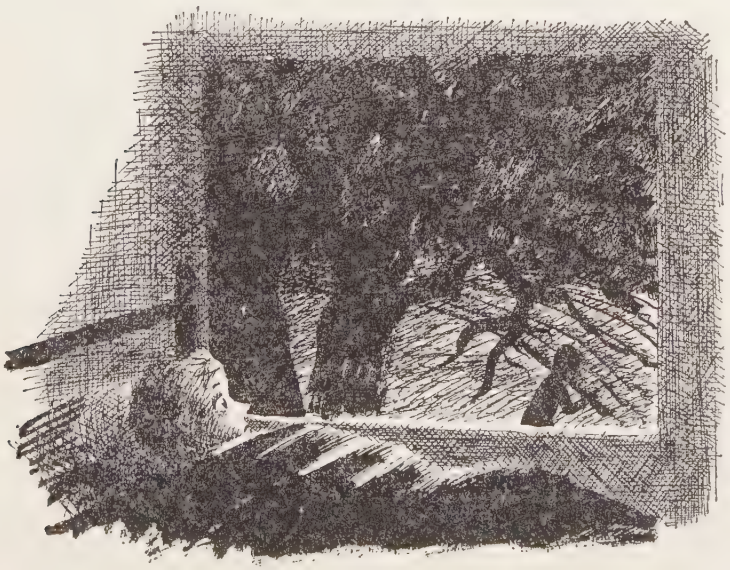
DAVID WAS ASHAMED because he was afraid of shadows. He was not ashamed when he stayed home in Haifa with his Uncle Ben and Aunt Bertha who had been like a mother and father to him since he was five and had left Germany to come to Israel. They told him that boys of twelve like him, who had lived through Hitler's time, had a right to be afraid of "shadows," and that it would pass. He found it hard to talk about it to Karl, his scout leader, when he had to help in a kibbutz that summer. Finally, he did speak to Karl. An unfamiliar place would be sure to have "shadows" at night.

"I shouldn't have joined the scouts," David said. "It's silly for a scout to be afraid."

"Everyone is afraid of something," Karl said. "We'll help you if you give yourself a chance. Let's talk about it at the end of the summer and see if things have changed."

David wished his heart wouldn't beat like a drum when he lay on the ground during overnight hikes. He wished he could stop wanting to run into a bright warm room each time it got dark and he found himself outdoors. Karl was going to a different kibbutz and David was gloomy about his chance of becoming brave without Karl's help.

They had a pleasant hike to the kibbutz—David, Zvi and Shalom. At the kibbutz they met Sarah and Aryeh, who found places for them to stay. David's bed was in the attic near the window. The boys went to the tomato patch on the first day, and hoed, raked and pulled weeds until they were tired and hungry. David's pale skin turned to a bright gold. It had been a fine day; but at night David couldn't sleep because the shadows of the tall eucalyptus trees at his window seemed like giants rushing to grab him. When David saw Ben Zvi, the guard, walking back



and forth nearby with a rifle on his shoulder, he was more frightened than ever.

The next night he asked Shalom about the guard and what he did.

"You never can tell when Arabs will come over the border and try to attack the kibbutz. Be glad they're guarding us."

David thought about it as he lay in bed trying to shut his eyes against the shadows of fear. Little by little he felt better, especially when he found out that Meyer took turns with Ben Zvi, so that they were always protected.

One night when David awoke from his sleep he looked from his attic window for Ben Zvi. He was worried. He knew that Ben Zvi had gone during the day to Tel Aviv. David could see that he had not returned, and was not standing guard in the usual place.

Should he wake his friends? He felt himself shaking. Then he remembered. Meyer took turns with Ben Zvi. But where could Meyer be?

David tiptoed to the staircase landing where he had seen a pair of field glasses. It was dark and he almost cried when he bumped his toe. He felt like running but he took the field glasses down to the door. He unlocked it and stood there trying to see with the glasses. It was too dark.

If Ben Zvi had not returned from Tel Aviv and no one knew, how would Meyer be able to stand guard? David's heart pounded in his ears. He ran back upstairs quietly, but his friends were all asleep, not in the least upset about who stood guard. David slipped into his clothes and shoes. He would tell

Meyer. Meyer's cottage was at the other end of the tomato field. David knew he would have to make his way under the shadows of the tall eucalyptus trees and it scared him. He didn't know which frightened him more—the shadows, or the thought of being attacked in the kibbutz when the guard was not at his post.

David went down the stairs and stepped out into the dark night. He gritted his teeth and made a dash for it through the heavy shadows. He felt cold all over. He made fists of his hands and put them into his pockets. He walked on quickly in the dark hearing his heart pounding. A sudden wind threw

leaves into his face and he began to run, but stopped short when he saw a figure coming toward him.

"Meyer?" he called softly.

The man coming toward him stopped but did not answer.

"Meyer?" David was yelling now. . . . "Is it you, Meyer?"

David's heart stopped its pounding. He was angry now. Who was this man who came in the night while the kibbutz slept? He hoped it was not someone who was trying to do harm. He thought of Germany, of the stories he had heard of men who came in the dark to steal food, break into homes and synagogues, and to take men away.

"Stop!" David called. David could see that the person was carrying something. "Stop!" he called, but got no answer.

Suddenly David jumped forward and threw himself at the figure. His fists opened and his fingers grabbed at him. He took a deep breath and pushed hard, just as he had learned from the older scouts. The two went down on the ground with a thud. By the light of a sliver of moon that had come out of a cloud, David opened his eyes to look.

"Karl! Karl!" he said.

Karl laughed and got up, holding his neck.

"That's some grip you've got, David," Karl said.

"But what are you doing here?" David asked.

"I took a holiday to see how you boys are getting along. I didn't mean to arrive at night. That's a nice way to welcome me!" Karl grinned.

Now David smiled. "But why didn't you answer when I called?" he asked.

"I wanted to see what you would do, David—whether you were still afraid."

"Well, I guess I'm not afraid of shadows," David answered, "but of enemies."

Then he told Karl about the mix-up with the guards. They went to Meyer's cottage together to remind him it was his turn to stand guard.

"Be glad you're a scout," Karl told David on the way. "Some day you'll be a guard too—one who's always prepared!"

The boys were excited about this place, for part of it was wild and hardly explored

The New Shoes

WHEN JACK PUT ON new shoes to go on a hike in Israel, he never dreamed they might save his life.

Jack was an American boy who had been writing to Aaron, his pen pal in Israel, for two years. Aaron was a Tsofeh—an Israeli scout—who had invited Jack to visit him. Jack had come to Israel with his mother, who stayed at Aaron's house in Tel Aviv that summer while the two boys went off on hikes. Aaron was eager to show Jack the many places in Israel where Tsofim had marked the highways and by-ways with special scout markers.

One day Jack and Aaron set out with knapsacks on their backs to hike around the Dead Sea coast. One shore of the lake was in Israel, but the other shore reached into a foreign country—Trans-Jordan, which was wild and unexplored. Jack decided to

wear his new hiking shoes, the high-laced kind that hikers and scouts wore.

Though the boys walked near the Dead Sea, even at the water's edge, it was very hot. They sat down a few times and took many a sip of drinking water from their canteen to cool their lips.

"Let's walk around the other side," said Jack seeing a bunch of trees far away. "It's bound to be cooler there," he added.

"All right," said Aaron, fixing his scout kerchief around his neck, "but I've never been there before so let's be careful."

He looked at his map. "The road seems to thin out here."

At first they walked along quietly. Soon Aaron began singing to himself, while Jack's shoes squeaked like something wet.

The boys laughed, and then it was Jack's turn

to sing. They did this for some time, forgetting to look at the path. Suddenly they found themselves in tall grass.

Aaron looked at a compass he carried.

"Don't worry," he said to Jack, "we're going in the right direction. But the grass was getting thicker and the trees taller. The boys walked along without speaking.

Soon the grass thinned. Daylight came through the trees suddenly. They stumbled ahead only to find they had come upon a camp of Bedouin-Arabs. Men in black and gray clothes with loose headress around their faces, stared at them. The boys' knees shook.

When Aaron and Jack saw that the Bedouins had guns they were frightened. The Dead Sea was behind the camp, and a Bedouin looked at the boys and then out to the water as if surprised that they had not come in a boat.

Aaron thought fast. Then he spoke in Arabic:

"Did you see a group of scouts come this way?"

The Bedouin shook his head, surprised.

"They're our friends," he added.

Aaron looked at Jack who was trying to smile.

Again Aaron spoke to the Bedouin coming toward them: "Our patrol has been scouting with another group. We are all going to rally together very soon now."

Jack was afraid to move, but his feet were stiff. He moved his feet and his shoes squeaked louder than ever. The Bedouin looked down at Jack's feet. Then he spoke to Aaron:

"Do you wish to buy a horse? Good for you."

Aaron tried hard to look pleased. "I wish I could, but I have no money." Just then a tired old horse clop-hopped over to the boys. He sniffed at both of them and Jack drew back, afraid. Again his shoes squeaked loudly.

"I give horses; you give shoes," the Bedouin said, pointing to Jack's feet.

Jack's eyes went from Aaron to the horse, to the Bedouin and back to his feet. It would be best to agree, he thought, so he turned to Aaron and nodded. Then Aaron bent down to help Jack undo his shoes. First one, and then the other new shoe came off, and Aaron handed each to the Arab who now smiled. With his hands he told Aaron to mount the horse while Jack looked on. Before obeying, Aaron

looked around, hoping to find some sign of a path, but his quick eye failed to find any. Then he looked at the horse. He knew how to ride, even without a saddle, and he hoped this one was too old to cause trouble. Aaron sat stiffly on it, and then reached down to take Jack's hand. The Bedouin holding the new shoes had called to several others who had been standing a distance away. They now came over to examine the shoes, talking and smiling.

Jack sat up on the horse behind Aaron, shaking with fear, wondering what would happen next. Suddenly the horse snorted, shook his head and began to walk around in a circle. The Bedouins at first paid no attention, but as the horse kept going around and around, they looked at the boys and pointing fingers at them, began to laugh. Without warning, the horse turned away from the Bedouins and walked into an opening near the trees. Aaron was waiting to get out of sight of the Bedouins so that he and Jack could jump off the horse. But the horse took its time, poked around the grass sniffing the ground and moving away slowly. Suddenly the boys saw that the horse had found a path which was growing wider and wider. After some time, they saw a road marker with a Tsofim arrow pointing north on a wider road.

"Hurrah!" said Aaron to Jack—"Hurrah for the Scouts!"

"Saved by a pair of new shoes!" said Jack, and he laughed so hard he almost fell off the horse.

She found it hard to be
"nobody" in a new country

Shawls by Sahana

SAHANA LOOKED at her schoolbooks she was carrying inside the pillow case, and then at the road ahead. Should she turn off at the next house and get some figs from the orchard as she had done before? There were no other boys or girls on their way to the schoolhouse in this new town. Her father hadn't bought a clock, so Sahana didn't know when it was the right time to go. Often when she arrived at the schoolroom, the children would laugh and say: "Well, it must be time to eat lunch—Sahana's arrived."

She'd show them! In Yemen where she had lived before coming to this dusty town in Israel, her family had been respected like royalty. Why, she even wore silver earrings and necklaces and clothes with gold and silver thread! That was before the airplane had taken them all to Israel—so suddenly that they had had to leave most of their beautiful things in Yemen.

A man on a tractor was coming toward her on the road. Sahana straightened and swung her pillow case over her shoulder, making believe she was on her way to school, but she had already decided to head for the orchard. She would wait there and take some figs, maybe climb some trees, until her mother and father left to go to the nearby kibbutz where they worked at making fruit jam. Then she would go home again.

When she left the orchard, it was hot and almost noon, and people were going back and forth to the outdoor laundry to wash their clothes. A woman from Morocco, seeing Sahana, said to her:

"If you're not in school again today—why don't you help your mother by cleaning the house and washing the laundry?"

But Sahana only made a face at her and then said in Hebrew, "Mind your business!" just to show that she was the smarter one. The woman from Morocco had six children and had no time to attend the *ulpan* to learn the new language.

When she got to their little whitewashed house, Sahana went in the back door, which was open. There was much to be done; cooking, cleaning and washing, but Sahana scorned such work. Seeing the mop and the broom standing near the door made her angry. Why should she do it! Her hands were meant for better things.

She reached above her bed to a shelf and took down some cloth and thread. She found a needle by crawling under her bed and pulling it from where she had left it under her mattress. Then she took a

pillow and sat down on it outdoors to do her embroidery.

Sahana loved to make things with needle and

thread. Her grandmother Nadina in Yemen had taught her how when she was very small. Her mother and the other women of her village wore beautiful skirts and blouses and hoods embroidered with silver and gold threads. Here she only had plain thread, and not even a piece of rug yarn to do it properly! She worked busily with the black cloth that had once been her father's jacket. On it she had put red and brown cross stitches and snake loop designs. It had taken weeks. She held it up. Yes—it would be a

warm shawl. This was better than sitting with your hands folded in a smelly classroom with the other immigrants—like so many sheep!

Just then she noticed some people coming up the road. They wore business suits and looked "official." Could it be someone from the school? Well, let them —she didn't care! As they came near, she recognized her uncle Adon. Sahana knew he was a representative of their town to the government in Jerusalem. He waved to her from the road, and the four men and a woman with a briefcase did the same. They were walking over to her. Well, let them—she was not going to stop her embroidery. She spoke to her uncle Adon in Yemeni, and gave him the expected greeting and good wishes, as she had always been taught. He asked in Hebrew:

"Why are you not in school, Sahana?" He turned toward the group and explained that the school was now about half a mile away until another could be built in the town.

At first, Sahana did not answer her uncle's question. Then the woman with the briefcase smiled kindly at her, so she spoke:

"I didn't want to go there. First of all, we don't have a clock and I never get there on time. It is too far. I don't like the teacher or the children. I know much already. I am not like the others. In Yemen, my parents were—a prince—a princess!" She felt her cheeks flush.

The lady with the briefcase bent down to her work. "May I see your embroidery?" Sahana let her feel the cloth and look at the stitches.

"This is expert needlework," the lady said. "My

name is Tova Nigun—and I am in the Knesset—the Israel government. I would like to help you," she said.

Sahana stood up and bent her knees a little to show respect. She said quietly:

"I do not have silver or gold threads to do it properly. This is a piece of cloth from my father's old garment. I can do better with the right thread. I can make blouses and tablecloths too."

Her uncle Adon added: "She is a bright girl. See how she has learned to speak Hebrew. But she does not want to stay in school all day, I'm afraid."

The men meanwhile were walking around the house and touching the outside; examining the windows and the roof. Tova Nigun took out a notebook and a pencil and after talking with uncle Adon, turned to Sahana:

"We shall be back to talk with her mother and father. In the meantime we want you to know that we like your work and thank you for reminding us that Israel's newcomers bring to us clever fingers and art which they must use. Perhaps you would like to work part of the day with a seamstress to make beautiful shawls and tablecloths?"

"'Oh, yes, yes!" was Sahana's quick reply. She stood up as though she were ready to go that moment.

"You understand," said Tova Nigun, "we can arrange this only if you go to school part of the day—but *every day*, and you must come on time—to both the classroom and workroom. . . ."

". . . and I shall see that your father has an alarm clock!" Uncle Adon said smiling. "I didn't know my brother refuses to look at the time of day."

Of course, Sahana did not say that she herself had broken it in a fit of anger when she heard the alarm ring one morning. Instead, she promised the lady from the Knesset that she would do her best at school if only she would be allowed to stitch with silver threads. She'd show the others—she'd be the most famous embroideress in Isarel *yet*—they'd see!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Grateful acknowledgment is made to NATIONAL YOUNG JUDAEA for permission to use and adapt the following stories previously appearing in their YOUNG JUDAEAN MAGAZINE:

"The Man With a Sack" from "The Story Scheherezade Never Told" by Alfred Werner, January, 1943.
"The First Secret" from "The Legend of the Little Harp" by Martha Marenof, February, 1946.
"Solomon Pinto, Pen Soldier" from "Penmanship, Penmanship" by Leon Spitz, April, 1945.
"Jaime and the Deed" from "And Sail the High Seas" by Anita Damiez, February, 1943.
"Donkey Day and the Four D's" from the story of the same name, anon., February, 1950.
"The Rule of the Road" from "Gideon, the Traffic Cop" by P. Ezrah, May, 1950.
"Why the Bull Ran" from "The Bull Runs Wild" by Rivka Behar, May, 1949.
"David's Shadows" from "Shadows" by Paul Stern, April-May, 1943.
"The Lucky Shoe Shine Box" from "The Miracle of the Shoe Shine Box" by Mizra Gabbai, December, 1948.
"The Holiday Angel" from "Reb Velvel and the Angel" by Joseph Seide, December, 1952.
"The First Furrow" from "Day in the Gan" by Joey Criden, December, 1941.

"A Pound of Kasha," "X" Marks the House" and "Up in David's Tree" from stories by the same name by the author, Doris B. Gold, with special thanks to *Young Judaean Magazine,* which were especially adapted for this volume. They previously appeared in Oct., 1962, March, 1964 and Jan. 1965, respectively.

To Jonathan David Publishers, N. Y., for the following adaptations made by the author:

"Amsterdam Adventure" adapted from Chap. 13, "Sale and Ransom" in *Adventure on Manhattan Island* by Abraham Burstein.
"The Shofar That Wouldn't Blow" from an incident told by Nisson Shulman in *Rabbis in Uniform.*
"The Mystery of the Missing Chalah" from the book of the same name by Freda Charles.
"The Cup That Hated Wine" from *The Kiddish Cup Who Hated Wine* by Byrd Salop.

Section IV—"In Long-Ago Country" contains legends and tales rewritten from various post-Biblical and folk material sources.

The following original stories were especially written by the author for this volume:

Aboard the "New Jerusalem"; A Letter to "Moses"; The Spear and the Scroll; Flashbulbs on the Frontier; The Boys of Rock Valley; Luis Finds a Pal; The Gypsy Noodles; The Roll Call; Shawls by Sahana; The Sweetest Sound; The Gifts of Solomon; The Merchant Slave; The Purim Orange; The Silver Dollar; Uncle Ed, Chanukah Inventor; The Answer.

Word List*

A

adventure
advice
alarm
alcohol
amazement
ancient
ashamed
answer
artist
astonished
auction
aunt
autumn
avoid
axes
axle

B

balloons
banana
barometer
bear, bore
beard, bearded
beauty
beggar
bellow
bicycle
blinked
boasted
bonnet
bottle
bracelets
braids
breakfast
breath
briefcasse
bulletin
bullets
burst
business
Bar Mitzvah

C

cabin
cameras
campfire
canteen
captain
capitals
cement
centrueis
certificates
chalah
chalil
Chanukah
charity
chauffeur
chemicals
chew, chewed
chimney
clerk
climb, climbed
cigarette
circle
circular
compass
community
congress
consoled
continue
corporal
country
courtyard
cousin
creased
crowed
curved
custodian

* Words in *italics* are explained in the REFERENCE LIST which follows.

D

danke
daredevil
deaf
decanter
departure
depression
dessert
destination
determined
dialogue
diamonds
disappear, disappeared
document
dough
dozen
drawer
drum
dungeon

E

eager
earlier
earrings
elected
electric
electronic
empty
enemy
engines
entrance
eucalyptus
event
exact
executioner
exhaustion
Exodus

F

famous
fault
favorite
feathers
flamingoes
flares
flashed
flute
forgave, forgive
fortune
friendly
friendship
frightened
frostbite
fruit
fun
funnel
furrow

G

gan
gangplank
garage
garbage
gavel
glancing
governor
grazed
groats
grocery
grownup
grumbled
guard
guessed
guides
gypsy

H

hamantaschen
hammock
handkerchiefs
hamsin
happiness
harm
haydad
hayloft
headdress
highways
historic
horoscope
household
hulls
humbly

I

idea
important
injustice
innkeeper
innocent
Inquisition
introduced
invention

J

join
joke
journey
justice

K

kasha
kibbutz
Kiddush
kidnap
kitchen
knapsack
Knesset
knot

L

label
labor
Lag B'Omer
language
lanterns
laughing, laughed
laundry
leader
listen, listener
luxury

M

Maccabees
magic
manners
marriage
mathematics
mattress
meadow
measure
melody
menorah
mercy
message
militia
mingling
minyan
misfortune
mishap
mood
morah
moustache
mule
musician
musket
muskrat
mystery

N

natives
nickel
noise
nozzle
nursery

O

occasions
ocean
officer
official
opposite
orchard
orphan

P

package
palm
pancakes
panoramas
pantry
paradise
parchment
patent
path
patient, patiently
patriotic
pearl
pelts
perform
perfume
photographer
picture
pigeons
pinched
pious
plague
plain
pleaded
pluck
popular
potato
pounding
prayer
precious
pretended
pride, proud
prisoners
protected
Purim
puzzled

Q

quarrel
question
quill
quorum

R

raccoon
radio
raftan
raisins
rally
rattle
reaps
receive
reddened
redeem
remembered
remnant
rejoiced
repeat
representative
respect, respected
rewarded
riddle
roommate
Rosh Hashana
royalty

S

saddle
sailor
salute
satin
scared
schoolhouse
scientists
scissors
scroll
scythe
seamstress
Seder
sentry
sergeant
serious
servant
shalom
shalach-manot
shawl
shepherd
Shevuot
shofar
siddur
sighs
sleepy, sleepily
sliver
sneakers
special
spear
spice
spirits
spoons
staircase
statue
squeak
squinted
squirrel
storekeeper
stumbled
succeed
sunset
surprised
swim
sword
surveyor
survived
sycamore
synagogue

T

tablecloths
tailor
Talmud
Tashlich
tefillin
temperature
Testament
thatched
thumped
tie, tied
tiptoe
tomato
tooth
towel
tractor
trader
traveling
tribe
Tsofim
Tu B'Shevat
twinkle

U

ulpan
umbrella
undeveloped
uniform
unused
unwelcome
unwrapping
upright

V

vapor
vinegar
violin

W

warmth
watercolor
weapon
welcome
wept
wharf
whispers
wheel
winked
wisdom
withered
wreath
wrestle
wrists
wrongdoers

Y

yarmulke
yarn
yawn
yesterday
Yom Kippur

To the teacher and reader: The words in the above list which occur in the stories are for spelling practice and dictionary use.

Reference List

Bar Mitzvah—A ceremony for Jewish boys at age 13 when they "officially" become men. Today, girls also have a "Bas Mitzvah" at the same age.

chalah—Sabbath bread used on Friday night and Saturday in Jewish homes.

chalil—a shepherd's wood-flute. In the U.S.A., this is also known as a "recorder."

Chanukah—The Jewish holiday that celebrates the rededication of the Temple by Judah Maccabee in 165 B.C.

danke—German or Yiddish, meaning "thank-you."

gan—Hebrew, for "children's garden" on a kibbutz, or in general use, "a garden."

hamantaschen—Three-cornered cake in the shape of hats eaten on Purim to remember Haman, the wicked minister who plotted against the Jewish people unsuccessfully.

hamsin—A hot, dry wind that blows across the desert in Israel.

kasha—Brown buckwheat groats eaten by Jewish people who lived in the Balkan countries—Poland, Russia, Roumania, etc.

kibbutz—A way of life unique to Israel where families live and work together and share homes, work, food and care of children.

Kiddush—The prayer said by the head of the family on Friday evening to bring in the Sabbath.

Knesset—The "Congress" of the State of Israel.

Lag B'Omer—"Lag" stands for two Hebrew letters which represent "33" —the 33rd day of the *omer*. The *omer* was a measure of grain used in ancient Palestinian days. This holiday has come to mean several things and is much celebrated in Israel.

Maccabees—The seven sons of Mattathias, led by the eldest, Judah Maccabee, who began a revolt against Antiochus, the Persian ruler. The Maccabees' victory is responsible for Chanukah.

menorah—The candlesticks found in every Jewish home used for Sabbath and other holiday observances.

minyan—The required "quorum" of ten men needed to begin a Jewish prayer service.

morah—A woman teacher.

Purim—The happy holiday celebrated by Jews the world over that commemorates the outwitting of Haman who plotted against the Jews in Persia in ancient times.

raftan—A cattleman of Israel, responsible for the animals on a *kibbutz* or other farm.

Rosh Hashana—The Jewish New Year. Learn about the differences of the Jewish calendar based on the sun and moon, and why it is a longer year.

seder—The feast and prayer service held in Jewish homes at Passover to celebrate the Exodus from Egypt.

Shalom—A greeting used by Jews the world over. In Hebrew, it means, Hello, Goodbye, and Peace Be With You.

shalach-manot—The "sending of gifts"—a custom of Purim where sweets and other delicious foods are given as a gift in remembrance of deliverance.

Shevuot—The holiday of "weeks" that occurs after Passover. This is usually the time when graduations and other significant beginnings in Jewish life are held.

shofar—A ram's horn used by ancient Jews to mark special days and ceremonies—now blown in the synagogue on Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur.

siddur—A Jewish prayer book.

Talmud—An encyclopedic work consisting of the Mishna and Gemara, containing laws and traditions which have guided the lives of Jews the world over for thousands of years.

Tashlich—The custom of "throwing away sins" into a body of water to end the old Jewish year and bring in the new. A prayer said on *Rosh Hashana.*

tefillin—Straps and prayer symbols which boys wrap around their arms each morning, beginning at the age of 13. Also called "phylacteries."

Tsofim—The Israel Boy-and-Girl Scout Federation.

Tu B'Shevat—"TU" represents the Hebrew number 15 of the month of Shevat. This holiday is known as Jewish Arbor Day.

ulpan—Learning conversational Hebrew by speaking together in a group.

yarmulke—Skullcap worn by Jewish boys and men.

Yom Kippur—Day of Atonement. This ends the Ten Days of Penitence which begins on Rosh Hashana.

THE AUTHOR WITH HER SONS,
BERT AND MICHAEL

DORIS B. GOLD is a New Yorker who holds an M.A. in English from Washington University in St. Louis, Mo. She has taught at the University of Kansas, the N. Y. State University at Farmingdale, N. Y., in New York City high schools, and for 14 years in Jewish religious schools in New York and the Midwest. She has also been a staff member of several Jewish community organizations, and is the founder of the Mid-Island YM-YWHA of Wantagh, N. Y.

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Doris B. Gold is currently the editor of *The Young Judaean Magazine*, published by National Young Judaea.

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